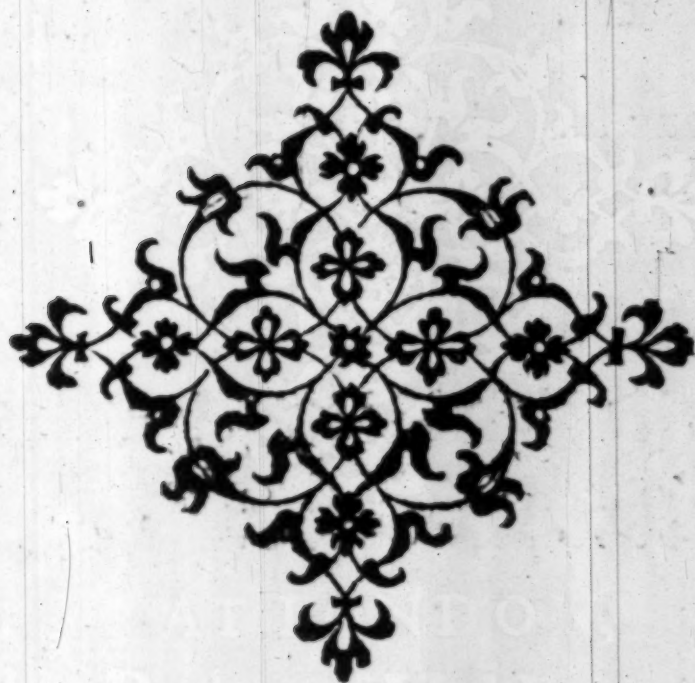


THE PARADISE

OF DAINTIE DEUISES.

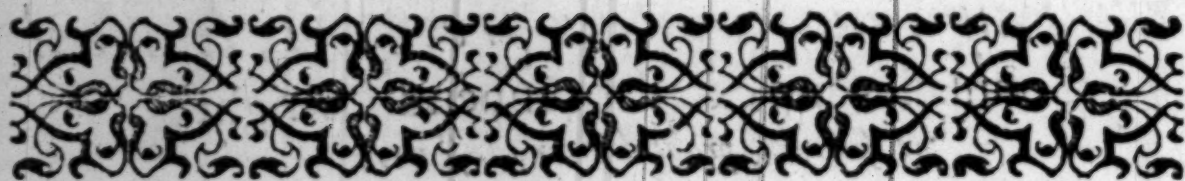
*Containyng sundrie pithie preceptes, learned
Counsailes and excellent Inuentions: right
pleasant and profitable for al estates.*

Deuised and written for the most parte, by M. EDWARDES,
sometime of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest by sun-
dry learned Gentlemen, both of Honor and
Worship, whose names here-
after followe.



AT LONDON,

*Printed by Robert Walde-graue, for Ed-
ward White, dwelling neere the little North-doore
of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun.
Anno. 1585.*



*The names of those who wrote
these Deuises.*

{ Saint Barnard.	{ Jasper Heiwood.
{ E. O.	{ F. Kindlemarsh.
{ Lorde Vaux, the elder.	{ D. Sande.
{ W. Hunis.	{ M. Yloop.





To the right honourable Syr Henry
Compton Knight, Lord Compton
of Compton.



Right Honourable, and my very good Lord
(presuming vpon your courtesie) I am bold to
present vnto your honour, this small Volume,
entituled, *The Paradise of daintie Deuises*, beyng
penned by diuerse learned Gentlemen, and col-
lected together through the trauayle of one
both of worship and credite, for his priuate vse:
who not long since departed this life, whiche
when I had perused ouer, not without the ad-
uise of sondry of my frendes, I determined by their good motion to set
them in Print, who thereunto greatly perswaded me, with these and
like wordes. The writers of them, were both of honour and worship,
besides that, our owne Countrey-men, and such as for their learning
and grautie, might be accompted of among the wisest. Furthermore,
the ditties both pithie and pleasaunt, as well for the Inuention as Mee-
ter, and will yeld a farre greater delight, beyng as they are, so aptly made
to be set to any song in fiue partes, or song to Instrument. Which well
considering, I purposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching
your honour to accept in good part, chiefly for the Authours sakes:
who though some of them are departed this life, yet their worthy do-
ings shall continue for euer, for like as the shadow followeth the body, so
prayse followeth vertue, and as the shadow goeth sometymes be-
fore, and sometymes behinde, so doth prayse also to vertue: but
the later it commeth, the greater it is, and to bee the
better esteemed. Thus fearing to offend your
Honour with these my rude speeches,
I ende, wishyng your Lordshyp
many yeares of ioye.

Your good Lordships wholly to
commande H. Dizle,

The Paradise

The translation of the blessed S. Bernardes

Verſes, conteinyng the vnſtable felicitie
of this wayfaring world.

*Cur mundus militat, ſub vana gloria, cuius proſperitas eſt tranſitoria?
Tam cito labitur, ſuius potentia quam vaſa figuli, quæ ſunt fragilia.*



W^h doth eche ſtate applie it ſelfe to woꝛldly prayſe?
And vndertake ſuch toyle, to heape by honours gaine.
W^hole ſeate though ſeeming ſure, on ſickle Fortune ſtapes,
W^hole giſtes were neuer proued, perpetuall to remaine,
But euen as yeaſthen pot, with euery ſillip failles,
So Fortuneſ fauour ſlits, and Fame with Honour quailles.

*Plus crede litteris, ſcriptis in glacie quam mundi fragilis, vana fallacia,
Fallax in premiis, virtutis ſpecie, quæ nunquam habuit, tempus fiducia.*

Thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Iſe,
W^hole ſubſtaunce ſubiect is, to heate of ſhining Sunne,
Then hope for ſtedfaſt ſtay, in wanton woꝛldes deuile,
W^hole feigned ſonde delightes, from falſheades forge doe come,
And vnder vertues beile are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing thoſe, who thinke their date will out.

*Magis credendum eſt viris fallacibus, quam mundi miſeris proſperitatibus,
Faliſ inſaniis & voluptatibus, falſique ſtudiis & vanitatibus.*

The triſely truthleſſe tongue of rumours liꝑng lippes,
Deſerues moꝛe truſt then both the higheſt happie hap,
That woꝛld to woꝛldlinges giues, for ſee how honour ſlippes,
To fooliſ ſonde conceiptes, to pleaſures poiſoned ſap,
To ſtudies falſe in prooſe, to artes applied to gaine,
To ſickle fancieſ toyes, which wiſedome deemeth vaine.

*Dic vbi Salomon olim tam nobilis, vel vbi Sampſon eſt, dux inuincibilis,
Vel dalcis Ionathas, multum amabilis, vel pulcher Abſolon, vultu mirabilis.*

W^here is the ſacred kyng, that Salomon the wiſe?
W^hole wiſedome foꝛmer time of duetie did comende,
W^here is that Sampſon ſtrong, that monſtrous man in ſize?
W^hole foꝛced arme did cauſe the mightie pillers bend,

where

of daintie Deuises.

Where is the Pearelesse Prince, the frendly Ionathas:

O? Absolon whose shape and fauour did surpasse.

*Quò Caesar abiit? celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prandio,
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristotelus, summus ingenio.*

Where is that Caesar now, whose high renowned fame:

Of sondry conquestes wonne, throughout the world did sounde:

O? Diues riche in store, and riche in richely name,

whose chest with gold, and dishe with dainties did abounde,

where is the passing grace of Tullies pleading skill?

O? Aristotles vaine, whose penne had witte and will.

*O esca vermium, ô massa pulueris, ô ros, ô vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus utrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris.*

O foode of filthy worme, oh lompe of lothsome clay,

O life full like the dew, which meyning soone doth wast,

O shadow vaine whose shape, with Sunne doth shrink away,

why gloziest thou so much, in honour to be plast?

Sith that no certaine houre of life thou doest enioy,

Post fit it were, thy time in goodnesse to employ.

*Quem breue festum est, hac mundi gloria, ut umbra hominum, sic eius gaudia,
Qua semper subtrahit aeterna premia, & ducunt hominum, ad dura denia.*

How short a banquet, seemes the pompe of high renowne?

How like the sencelesse shape of shiuering shadowes thin?

Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh downe,

Our hartes from hope, and handes from workes, which heauen should win,

And takes vs from the trode, which guides to endlesse gaine,

And sets vs in the way, that leades to lasting paine.

*Hac mundi gloria, qua magni penditur, sacris in litteris, flos fœni dicitur,
Vt leui folium, quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominum, hac vita tollitur.*

The pompe of worldly prayse, which worldlinges hold so deare,

In holy sacred booke, is likened to a flower,

whose date doth not containe, a weeke, a month, or yeare,

But springing now doth fade againe within an hower,

And as the lightest leafe, with winde about is throwne,

So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

A.iii.

I. Om

The Paradise

1. *Our pleasures are but vanities.*

Behold the blast, which blowes the blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof, consumes and comes to nought we see:
Ere thou therfore, be blowne from life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

Haue minde on brittle life, whose pleasures are but bayne,
On death likewise bethinke, how thou shalt not remaine:
And feare thy Lord to greene, which sought thy soule to saue,
To sinne no more be bent, but mercy aske and haue.

For death who doth not spare, the kinges on yearth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life and will:
That life which yet remaines, and in thy best appeares,
Hath sowne in thee such seedes, you ought to weede with teares.

And life that shall succede, when death is woꝛne and past,
Shall spring for euer then, in ioy or payne to last:
Where death on life, hath power ye see, that life also,
Hath mowen the frutes of death, which neuer more shall grow.

FINIS. W. Hunis.

2. *Who waigheteth on this wanering world, and vieweth ech estate,
By triall taught shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.*

Amid the vale the slender shrubbe, is hid from all mishap,
When taller tree that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clap:
The turrets tops which touche the cloudes, are beat with euery blast,
Soone shuinered are their cones with snowe, and quickly ouercast.
Best bodied tree in all the wood, for timber beame is found,
And to the are the sturdiest oke, doth yeld and fall to ground:
The highest hill doth soonest feeble, the flash of lightnings flame,
And soone decayes the pompe and pride, of high renowned name.
Of all the heard the huntman seekes, by prooffe as both appeare,
With double forked arrow head, to wounde the greatest Deare:
The haughtiest head of all the oꝛne, enioyest the shortest life,
And stains the slaughter house with blood, at picke of Butchers knife,
Thus what thing highest place attaines, is soone ouerthrowne,
What euer Fortune sets aloft, she threates to throw it downe.

And

of daintie Deuises.

And though no force resist thy power, and seeke thee to confounde,
Yet doth the paise of waighly thinges, decline it selfe to grounde.
For restless tye of rowling wheele, example hath it tride,
To heauie buroen yeeld it must, full soone and slippe aside:
What vailles the riche h.s bed of Doune, the sighes for sleepleesse thought,
What time in couche of flocke, the pooze, sleepes sound and feareth nought
At homely boorde his quiet foote, his drinke in treene be tane,
When oft the proude in cuppes of golde, with wine receiue their bane:
The bed, the boord, they dread in doubt, with traine to be oppress:
When fortune frownes, their power must yeeld, as wire vnto the wress.
Who so thou be that sits alowz, and tread the valleyes pathc,
Thou needes not feare the Thunder boltes of mightie Ioue his wrathe:
If Icarus had not presumed too high, to take his flight,
He had not yet bene drowned in Seas, that now Icarian hight,
If Pheton had not enterprised, to guide his fathers seate,
His fiers had not inflamed the worlde, nor beene destroyed with heate:
But who so climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
The higher vp, the sooner downe, and neerer his decay.
Then you that here in pompe are plasht, to guide the golden mace,
Let Crowne and Scepter both obay, the meane of vertues race:
For neither sha'l renowned vertue, see the pitte of hell,
Nor yet in tombe of Marble stone, she shall abide to dwell.
And in that tombe full brauely deckt, when that she shall depart,
God sende her rest and all thinges well, according to desarte:
But from Sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the skies aboue,
And glistering in the blissfull starres, she raignes with mighty Ioue.
FINIS. Iasper Heiwood.

3. The perfect trial of a faithfull friend.

Not staid state, but feeble staie, not costly robes, but bare araie,
Not passed wealth, but present want, not heaped store, but slender skant
Not plenties purse, but pooze estate, not happy hap, but froward fate:
Not wish at will, but want of ioy, not hearts good health, but hearts anoye.
Not freedoms vse, but prisoners thzall, not costly seate, but lowest fall:
Not weale I meane but wretched woe, doth cruelly trie the friend from foe:
And naught but froward fortune proues, who sauning feines, or simply
(Ioues.

FINIS. M. Yloop.

The Paradise

4. Being asked the occasion of his white head,
he answereth thus.

Where sighing sighes, and sorrow sobbes,
Hath staine the dippes that Nature set,
And scalding showers, with stonie throbbes,
The kindly sappe from them hath fet,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be,

Where thought hath thilde and throwne his speares,
To hurt the heart that harmeth him not,
And groning griefe hath ground forth teares,
Myne eyne to starme, my face to spot,
What wonder then, though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

When pinching paine himselfe hath plasste,
There peace with pleasures were possest,
And where the walles of wealthy lye waste,
And pouertie in them is prest,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where wretched woe will weane her webbe,
Where care the clewe can cathe and cast,
And fouds of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last,
What wonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

These heares of age are messengers,
which bid me fast, repent and praie:
They be of death the Harbingers,
That doth prepare and dresse the way,
wherefore I ioye that you may see,
Upon my head such heares to bee.

They

of daintie Deuises.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is weake begunne:
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to bee.

They be the stringes of sober sounde,
Whose Musicke is harmonicall:
Their tunes declare a time from grounde,
I came, and how thereto I shall:
Wherefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to bee.

God graunt to those that white heares haue,
No worse them take then I haue ment:
That after they be layed in graue,
Their soules may ioy their liues well spent,
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to bee.

FINIS. W.H.

5. Beware of had I wist.

Beware of had I wist, whose fine bringes care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deemde thou art:
So shall thy perfect frend, enioy his hoped hire,
And faithlesse faunpung foe shall misse, th'effect of his desire:
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape despight,
A faithlesse frend shall finde distrust, and loue shall reape delight:
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy frend shall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall ioy thy state:
But this my fond aduise, may seeme perchance but vayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then how a frend to gayne:
But this not my intent, to teach to finde a frende,
But safely how to loue and liue, is all that I intende:
And if you proue in part, and finde my counsell true,
Then wish me well for my good will, tis all I craue adue,

FINIS, My lucke is losse.

B.i.

6. My

The Paradise

6. *M. Edwardes May.* *infra* p. 31.

When May is in his prime, then may eche hart reioyce,
When May bedeckes ech bzanch with greene, eche bird streines forth
The liuely sap creepes vp, into the bloming thorne, (his voyce:
The flowres which cold in prison kept, now laughes the frost to scozne:
All Natures Impes triumphes, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
When May is gone of all the yeare, the pleasaunt time is past.

May makes the chearefull hue, May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout euery lim, May makes the mery mood:
May pricketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune,
Full straunge it is, yet some we see, do make their May in June:
Thus thinges are straungely wrought, whiles ioyfull May doth last,
Take May in time, when May is gone, the pleasaunt time is past.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May, as I doe now, and vse your May with skill:
Use May while that you may, for May hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the Tree to clime:
Your liking and your lust, is fresh whiles May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the yeare, the pleasaunt time is past.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

7. *Fayre wordes make fooles fayne.*

In youthfull yeares, when first my young desires began,
To picke me forth, to serue in court, a slender tall young man:
My fathers blessing then, I asked vpon my knee,
Who blessing me with trembling hand, these wordes gan say to me:
My sonne, God guide thy way, and shield thee from mischaunce,
And make thy iust desertes in Court, thy pooze estate to aduaunce:
Yet when thou art become, one of the Courtly trayne,
Thinke on this Prouerbe old (quoth he) that faire wordes make fooles faine.

This counsell grauely giuen, most straunge appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see:
What subtile sleighes are wrought, by painted tales deuise,
When hollow hartes with frendly shewes, the simple do entise,
To thinke all gold that shines, to feede their sond desire,

Whose

of daintie Deuises.

Whose shinerig cold is warme with smoke, in seed of flaming fire:
Such talke of tickle trust, doth breed a hope most vaine,
This prouerb true by prooue I find, that fayre wordes make fooles faine.

Fayre speech alway doth well, where deedes insue faire wordes,
Faire speech againe alway doth euill, that bushes giue for birdes:
Who hopes to haue fayre wordes, to trie his luckie lot,
If I may counsell, let him strike it while the Iron is hot.
But them that feed on cloddes, in seed of pleasant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gapes:
Full loath I am, yet must I tell them in wordes plaine,
This prouerb old proues true in them, that faire wordes make fooles faine.

Who worth the time, that wordes so slowly turne to deedes,
Who worth the time that fayre sweet flowres, are growne to rotten weedes:
But these wo worth the time, that truth alway is fled,
Wherein I see how simple hartes, with wordes are vainely fed.
Trust not fayre wordes therefore, where no deedes do insue,
Trust wordes as skillfull Falkners do, trust Haukes that neuer flue:
Trust deedes, let wordes be wordes, which neuer wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wise, and let wordes make fooles faine,

FINIS M. Edwards.

8. In his extreame sicknesse.

What grieues my bones, and makes my body faint?
What prickes my flesh, and teares my head in twaine?
Why do I wake, when rest should me attaint?
When others laugh, why do I liue in paine?
I tolle, I turne, I chaunge from side to side,
And stretch me oft, in sorowes linkes betide.

I tolle, as one betost in waues of care,
I turne, to flie the woe of loathsome life:
I chaunge, to spie if death this corpes might spare,
I stretch to heauen, to rid me of this strife.
Thus do I stretch, and chaunge, and tolle, and turne,
While I in hope of heauen, my life do burne.

Then hold thee still, let be thy heauinesse,

B.ii.

Abolish

The Paradise

Abolish care, forget thy pining woe:
For by this meanes, thou shalt find redressse,
When oft betost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
Then tolle and tourne, and tumble franke and free,
O happie thyse, when thou in heauen shalt be.

FINIS L. Vaux.

9. For Christmas day.

Reioyce, reioyce, with hart and voyce,
In Christes byrth this day reioyce.

From virgins wombe this day did spring,
The precious seed that onely saued man:
This day let man reioyce and sweetly sing,
Since on this day saluation first began.
This day did Christ mans soule from death remoue,
With glorious saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man, came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man, came loue and vnity:
This day mans grieffe, began for to surcease,
This day did man receiue a remedy,
For ech offence, and euery deadly sin,
With guilty hart, that erst he wandzed in.

In Christes flocke, let loue be surely plasse,
From Christes flocke, let conoord hate expell:
Of Christes flocke, let loue be so embrace,
As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwell.
Christ is the authour of vnity,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O sing vnto this glittering glorious king,
O praise his name, let euery liuing thing:
Let hart and voyce, like Belles of siluer ring,
The comfort that, this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with sound of sweet delight,
The ioy of Christes birth this day resight.

FINIS F. Kindlemarsh.

of daintie Deuises.

10. For Easter day.

AL moztall mē this day reioyce, in Chriſt that you redeemed hath,
By death with death ſing we with voyce, to him that hath appeaſed
Gods wrath:

Due vnto man for ſinfull path, wherein beſore he went aſtray,
Giue thanks to him with perfect faith, that for mankind hath made this
(glorious day.

This day he roſe from tombe againe, wherein his precious coſe was layd,
Whom cruelly the Jewes had ſlaine, with bloudy woundes full ill arayd:
O man be now no more diſmaid, if thou henceforth from ſinne do ſtay,
Of death thou needeſt not to be aſtrayd, Chriſt conquered death for this his
(glorious day.

His death preuayled had no whit, as Paule the Apoſtle well doth write,
Except he had vpriſed it, from death to life by godlike might:
Which moſt triumphant glittering light,
This daie his glozy ſhined I ſay, and made vs bright as ſunne this glorious
day.

O man ariſe with Chriſt therefore, ſince he from ſin hath made thee free,
Beware thou fall in ſinne no more, but riſe as Chriſt did riſe for thee:
So mayeſt thou him in glozy ſee, when he at day of doome ſhall ſay,
Come thou my child and dwell with me, God graunt vs all to ſee that glori-
(ous day.

FINIS Iaſper Heiwood.

11. For Whitſonday.

Come holy Ghoſt eternall God, and eaſe the wofull grieve,
That through the heapes of heauy ſinne, can no where find reliefe:
Doe thou O God redreſſe,
The great diſtreſſe,
Of ſinfull heauineſſe.

Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes, of my conſumed hart,
O rid the pearcing pinching paines, of my tormenting ſmart:
O holy Ghoſt graunt me,
That I by thee,
From ſinne may purged be.

B.iii.

That

The Paradise

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cause,
Noz glittering gold noz precious stone, shall make me leaue thy lawes:
O teach me then the way,
Wherby I may,
Make thee my onely stay.

My lippes, my tongue, my hart and all, shall spread thy mighty name,
My voyce shall neuer cease to sound, the praises of the same:
Wea euery living thing,
Shall sweetly sing,
To thee (O heauenly king.)

FINIS F. Kiddlemarsh.

12. No pleasure without some payne.

Sweet were the ioyes, that both might like and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse,
Happie the life, that no mishap should tast:
Blessed the chaunce, might neuer chaunge successe,
Where such a life to lead, or state to prouise,
Who would not wishe, that such a life were loue.

But O the sowzie sauce of sweet vnure,
When pleasures flie, and flie with wast of winde:
The trauelllesse traines, that hoping harts allure,
When sweet delightes, do but allure the minde.
When care consumes, and wastes the wretched wight,
While fancie feedes, and drawes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine?
But O that paine, with pleasure matcht should meet:
Why did the course, of Nature so ordaine,
That sugred sowze, must sauce the bitter sweet?
Which sowze from sweet, might any meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life were like to loue?

FINIS W. Hunis.

13. Who

of daintie Deuises.

13. *Who myndes to bryng his Shippe to happy shore,
Must care to know the lawes of wisdomes lore.*

My frend, if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whom the truth, by triall well appeares:
Nought worth is wit, till it be dearely bought,
There is no wisdom, but in hoarie heares:
Yet if I may, of wisdom oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse:
Then to my wordes, my frend thy eare encline,
The thinges that make thee wise, are these I gesse.

Feare God, and know thy selfe in ech degree,
Be frend to all, familiar but to few:
To light of credite, see thou neuer bee,
For triall ought, in trust doth treason shew:
To others faultes, cast not to much thy eye,
Accuse no man of guilt, amende thy owne:
Of meddling much, doth mischief ought arise,
And oft debate, by tickle tongue is sowne.

What thing thou wilt haue hid, to none declare,
In word or deede, beware of bad I wist:
So spend thy good, that some thou euer spare,
For frendes like Haukes, do soare from emptie fist:
Cut out thy coate, according to thy cloth,
Suspected persons, see thou alwayes flee:
Beleeue not him, that once hath broke his troth,
Nor yet of gift, without desert be free.

Time quickly slippes, beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth, repentes a painfull age:
Begin nothing, without an eye to th'end,
Nor bow thine eare, from counsaile of the sage:
If thou to farre, let out thy fancie slip,
And witlesse will, from reasons rule outstart:
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And soze the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

The Paradise

To doe to much for old men is but lost,
Of frendship haz to women comes like gayne:
Bestow not thou on childezen to much cost,
For what thou doest for these, is all in vayne:
The old man or he can requite, he dies,
Unconstant is the womans wauering minde:
Full soone the body thy frendship will despise,
And him for loue, thou shalt vngratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the reede that wagges with winde:
There may no trust in tender yeares be found,
And of the thre, the boy is most vnkinde:
If thou haue founde a faithfull frend in deede,
Beware thou lose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better steele,
Then treasure great, of gold or precious stone.

FINIS. Iasper Herwood.

14. Of the vnconst.int stay of Fortunes gifter,

If Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false and fickle:
This day she seemes to smile, to morrow will she frowne,
What now she sets aloft, anone she throweth downe:
Flye Fortunes flye deccipte, let Vertue be thy guide,
If that you doe intende, in happy state to abide.

Upon the scetled rocke, thy building surell standes,
Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes:
Dame Vertue is the rocke, that yeldes assured stay,
Dame Fortune is the sande, that scoureth soone away:
Chose that is certaine, let thinges vncertaine passe,
Preferre the precious gold, before the brittle glasse.

Slye Fortune hath her sleighes, she playes vpon the packe,
Locke whom she fauours most, at length she turnes to wacke:

But

of daintie Deuises.

But Vertue simply deales, she shuns deceitfull traine,
Who is by Vertue raised vp, shall neuer fall againe:
Sticke fast to Vertue then, that giues assured trust,
And fly from Fortunes frekes, that euer proue vniust.

FINIS. F. K.

15. Promise is debt.

In my accompt, the promise that is bowd,
Among the good, is holden such a debt:
As he is thought, no whit to be allowed,
That setteth light, his promise to forget:
And for my part, I will not linke in loue,
With fickle folke, whose fancies ought remoue.

By happy gayne, I doe esteeme for such,
As few haue founde, in these our doubtfull dayes:
To finde a friend, I thinke it be as much,
As to win a fort, full fraught of noble prayse:
Of all the goodes, that there may be possesse,
A faithfull friend, I iudge to be the best.

A frendly league, although to late begun,
Yet time shall trye, our troth as well imployed:
And that we both, shall see that we haue doen,
Such fastned fayth, as can not be destroyed:
By enuious rage, or slaunders bitter blow,
That alwayes seekes the good to ouerthrow.

FINIS. R. Hill.

16. No wordes, but deedes.

The wrong is great, the payne aboue my power,
That yeldes such care, in doubtfull dens to drowne:
Such hap is hard, where Fortune doth so lower,
As frendly looke, is touned to froward frowne.

C. i.

As

The Paradise

Is this the trust, that faithfull frendes can finde:
With those that yet haue promise broke:
By deedes in doubt, as though no wordes can binde,
A vowed friend, to hold him to his poke.

O faithlesse friend, what can assure your minde:
That doubteth so soone, before you haue cause why:
To what hard hap, doth Fortune here me binde,
When wordes nor deedes, can no where satisfie:
What can I write: that hath not oft bene sayd,
What haue I sayd: that hath not bene affirmed:
What not approued: that ought to be assayed,
O what is vowed: that shall not be perfozmed.

Cast of mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth frendes vnrest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
By deedes shall proue, that all is for the best:
And this beleue, the sea shall cease to flow,
The sunne to shine, within the setled skie:
All thinges on earth, shall leaue to spring and grow,
Yea euery foule, shall want his winges to flie.

Care I in thought, shall seeme once to retire,
If you my friend, remaine as I desire:
Now lose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a Dogge shall haue a day.
FINIS. R. D.

17. He desireth exchange of life.

The day delayed, of that I most doe wish,
Whetherwith I feede, and starue in one degree:
With wish and want, still serued in one dish,
A line as dead, by prooue as you may see:
To whom of old, this Proouerbe well it serues,
While grasse doth grow, the silly horse he serues:

Twene

of daintie Deuises.

Twene these extremes, thus doe I come the race,
Of my pooze life, this certainly I know:
Twene would and want, vnwarely that doe passe,
More swift then shot, out of the Archers bow:
As Spider drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by prooffe, the greedy Dogge doth gnaw,
The bared bone, all onely for the tast:
So to and fro, this lothsome life I draw,
With fancies forst, and fed with bayne repast:
Narsissus brought, vnto the water binke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I doe drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not sicke,
With smart vnseene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With prone desire, and power that is not quicke,
With hope a lost, now drenched in dispayre:
Trayned in trust, for no reward assignde,
The more I hast, the more I come behinde.

With hurt to heale, in frozen Ile to frie,
With losse to laugh, this is a wonderous case:
Fast fetred here, is forst away to flie,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chase:
With winges and spurres, for all the hast I make,
As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long, that hang vpon desart,
The life is irke of toyes that be delayed:
The time is short, for to requite the smart,
That doth proceede, of promise long vnpayed:
That to the last, of this my fainting breath,
I wish exchange of life, for happy death.

FINIS. L. Vanx.

The Paradise

18. Of the instabilitie of youth.

When I looke backe, and in my selfe behold,
The wandring wayes, that youth could not descry:
And marke the fearefull course, that youth did hold,
And met in mynde, ech step youth strayed awy:
By knees I bow, and from my hart I call,
O Lord forget, these faultes and folies all.

For now I see, how boyde youth is of skill,
I see also his Prime time and his ende:
I doe confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorrow soze, for that I did offende:
And with a minde, repentaunt of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble hart, hath dauuted the proude minde,
Eke wisdom hath geuen ignozaunce a fall:
And wit hath taught, that follie could not finde,
And age hath youth, her subiect and her thrall:
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truch,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that diddest graunt the wise king his request,
Thou that in the Whale, thy Prophet diddest preserue:
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest,
Thou that didst saue, the theefe in state to sterue:
Thou onely God, the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of minde, the path of youthes wayne race.

Thou that by power, to life didst rayse the dead,
Thou that restorest the blind to perfect sight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bleed,
Thou that of fauour, madest the lame goe right:
Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,
Forgiue the gilt, that grew in youthes wayne wayes.

And

of daintie Deuises.

And now since I. with faith and doubtesse minde,
Doe flie to thee, by prayer to appease thy Ire:
And since that thee, I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith, to attaine my iust desire:
Lord minde no more, youtnes error and vnskill,
And able age, to doe thy holy will.

FINIS. L. Vaux,

19. *Most happy is that state alone,
Where wordes and deedes agree in one.*

By painted wordes, the silly simple man,
To trustlesse trap, is trayned now and then:
And by conceipt, of sweete alluring tale,
He bites the baytes, that breeds his bitter bale:
To beauties blaze, cast not thy rouing eye,
In pleasaunt greene, doe stinging Serpentes lye:
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter tast,
In glittering glasse, a popson rankest plasse,
So pleasaunt wordes, without performing deedes,
May well be deemed, to spring of Darnell seedes:
The frendly deede is it, that quickly tries,
Where trusty faith, and frendly meaning lies:
That state therfore, most happy seemes to bee,
Where wordes and deedes, most faithfully agree.

My frend if thou wilt keepe thy honest name,
Flie from the blot, of barking flauanders blame:
Let not in word, thy promise be more large,
Then thou in deede, art willing to discharge:
Abhorred is that false dissembling broode,
That seemes to beare, two faces in one hooode:
To say a thing, and not to meane the same,
Will turne at length, to losse of thy good name:
Wherefore my frend, let double dealing goe,
In stead wherof, let perfect plainnesse flow:

C.iii.

Doe

The Paradise

Doe thou no more, in idle wordes excede,
Then thou intendes, to doe in very deede:
So good report, shall spread thy worthy prayse,
For being iust, in word and deede alwayes.

You worldly wightes, that worldly doers are,
Before you let, your word slip out to farre:
Consider well, what inconuenience springes,
By breache of promise made, in lawfull thinges:
First, God mislikes where such deceit doth swarme,
Next, it redoundeth vnto thy neighbours harme:
And last of all, which is not least of all,
For such offence, thy conscience suffer shall:
As barren groundes, bringes forth but rotten weedes,
From barren wordes, so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes:
As sauerie flowers, doe spring in fertill ground,
So trusty frendes, by triall soone are found:
To shunne therfore, the worst that may ensue,
Let deedes alway, approue thy sayinges true.

FINIS. F.K.

*Who will aspire to dignitie:
20. By learning must aduanced be.*

The pooze that liue in needy rate, by learning do great richesse gayne,
The rich that liue in wealthy state, by learning doe their wealth maine.
Thus rich and pooze, are furthered still, (sayne:
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceiptes of franticke youth, the golden gift of learning stayes,
Of doubtfull things to search the truth, learning sets forth the ready wayes:
O happy him do I repute,
Whose breast is fraught with learning fruite.

There growes no cozne within the field, that Ore and plough did neuer till,
Right so the mynde no fruite can yeld, that is not lead by learninges skill:
Of ignorance comes rotten weedes,
Of learning springes right noble deedes.

Like

of daintie Deuises.

Like as the Captaine hath respect, to trayne his souldiours in aray,
So learning doth mans mynde direct, by vertues stasse his life to stay:
Though frendes and Fortune wareth scant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

(things,

You impes therfore in youth be sure, to fraught your myndes with learned
For learning is the fountaine pure, out from the which all glozy springes:
Who so therfore will glozy win,
With learning first must needes begin.

FINIS F. Kindlemarsh.

21. *Man's flitting life findes surest stay:
Where sacred vertue beareth sway.*

The sturdy rocke for all his strength, by raging seas is rent in twaine.
The marble stone is pearst at length, with little drops of drizzling raine:
The Ore doth yeld vnto the poke,
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge that seemes so stout, by palping houndes at bay is set.
The swiftest bird that flees about, is caught at length in fowlers Net:
The greatest fish in deepest brooke,
Is soone deceiued with subtile hooke.

Dea man himselfe, vnto whose will, all thinges are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill, doth fade at length and fall away:
There is nothing, but time doth wast,
The Heauens, the Earth, consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still, vpon the trone of glorious fame,
Though spitfull death mans body kill, yet hurtes he not his vertuous name:
By life or death, what so betides,
The state of vertue, neuer slides,

FINIS. M.T.

22. *Nothing*

The Paradise

22. *Nothing is comparable unto a faithfull friend.*

Sith this our time, of frendship is so scant,
Sith frendship now, in euery place doth want:
Sith euery man, of frendship is so hollow,
As no man rightly knowes, which way to follow:
Cease not my Muse, cease not in these our dayes,
To ring loude peales, of sacred frendships prayse.

If men be now, their owne peculiar frendes,
And to their neighbours frendship none pretendes:
If men of frendship, shew them selues so bare,
And of their brethren, take no frendly care:
Forbeare not then my Muse, nor feare not then,
To ring disprayse, of these unfrendly men.

Did man in frendship know the mightie power?
How great effectes, it worketh euery hower:
What store of hidden frendship it retaynes,
How still it powreth forth abundant gaynes:
Man would with thee, my Muse in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred frendships prayse.

Frendship releueth mans necessitie,
Frendship comforteth mans aduersitie:
Frendship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Frendship preferres man to felicitie:
Then ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred frendships prayse.

Of frendship, groweth loue and charitie,
By frendship, men are linked in amitie:
From frendship springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of frendship is fidelitie:
Oh ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred frendships prayse.

That man with man, true frendship may embrace,

That

of daintie Deuises.

That man to man, may shew a freendly face:
That euery man, may sow such freendly seedes,
As freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
And ioyne with thee my muse in these our dayes,
To ring loud peales of sacred freendships prayse.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

Golden precepts.

PErhaps you think me bolde that dare presume to teache,
As one y^e runns beyond his race, & rowes beyond his reach,
Sometime the blinde doe go, where perfect sights doe fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct, the wisest heads of al.

If needefull notes I giue, that vnto vertue tend,
He thinkes you shoul^d of right, vouchsafe your listning eares to lend:
A whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it well we see,
And I though blunt, may whet your skills, if you attentife bee.

First these among the rest, I wish you warely heede,
That God be seru'd, your prince obeyed, & freends releeu'd at neede:
Then looke to honest chaste, both what and how to haue,
At night examine so the day, that bed be thought a graue.

Seeke not for others goods, be iust in worde and deede,
For got with shiftes, are spent with shame, beleene this as thy creede
Voste not of Natures giftes, nor yet of parents name,
For Vertue is the onely meane, to winne a worchy fame.

Ere thou doest promise make, consider well the ende,
But promise past be sure thou keepe, both with thy foe and frende:
Threat not reuenge to much, it shewes a crauens kinde,
But to preuaile, and then forgiue, declares a noble minde.

Forget no freendships debt, wish to requite at least,
For God and man, yea all the world, condemns the vngratefull beast:

D

Beare

The Paradise

Beare not a frendly face, with hart of Judas kisse,
It shewes, a base and vile conceipt, and not where valure is.

Flye from a faumpng flurt, and from a cogging mate,
Their loues breeds losse, their prayse reproch, their frendship breeds but hate,
Seeke not to loose by wiles, that law and duetie bindes,
They be but helpes of Bankrupts heads, and not of honest myndes.

The motions of the flesh, and Collers heate restraine,
For heapes of harmes do dayly hap, where lust or rage both raigne:
In diet, deede and wordes, a modest meane is best,
Inough sufficeth for a feast, but riot findes no rest.

And so to make an end, let this be borne away:
That vertue alwayes be thy guide, so shalt thou neuer stray.

FINIS

In prayse of the Snayle.

The deepe turmoyled wight, that liues deuoyde of ease,
Whose wayward wittes are often found, more wauering then the seas:
Seekes sweete repose abroad, and takes delight to ryme,
Where reason leaues the Snayle for rule, to keepe a quiet home.

Leape not before thou looke, lest harme thy hope assayle,
Hast hauocke makes in hurtfull wise, wherfore be slow as Snayle:
Refrayne from rash attempt, let take heede be thy skill,
Let wisdomes byble brainicke wit, and leasure worke thy will.

Dame reason biddes I say, in thynges of doubt be slacke,
Lest rashnesse purchase vs the wrong, that wisdomes wills vs lacke:
By rashnesse diuers haue bene deadly ouercome,
By kindly creepng on like Snayle, duke Fabe his fame hath wonne.

Though some as swift as haukes, can sloop to euery steele,
Yet I refuse such todayne flight, and will seeme slow as Snayle:

Utter

of daintie Deuises.

Wherefore my pretie Snails, be still and lappe thee warme,
Sauer enuies frets mawger their fumes, there few shall do thee harme.

Because in some respect, thou holdes me to be wise,
I place thee for a Presedent, and signe before mine eyes;
Alas neuer any yet, that harme in thee could find,
O dare auow that euer Snaille, wrought hurt to humaine kinde.

I know dame Phisicke doth, thy friendly helpe implore,
And craue the salue from thee ensues, to cure the crased soze:
Sith Phisicke then allowes, the vertues in degree,
In spight of spight I weare thee still, that well contenteth me.

FINIS.

21. Remember thy end.

To be as wise as Cato was, or rich as Cressus in his life:
To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or strife,
What helpeth it when death doth call,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The rich may well the poore relieue, that rulers may redresse ech wrong:
The learned may good counsell giue, but marke the end of this my song.
Who doth these thinges, happy they call,
Their happy end, exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes, that all do seeke, both small and great:
Is either for fame, or els for praise, or who may sit in highest seat.
But of these thinges hap, what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see, but sel dome standing at one stay:
For few do like the meane degree, then prayse at parting some men say.
The thinges whereto ech wight is thrall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, that happy life, which liueth vnder gouernance: (chance.
Who seekes no hate, nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happy

The Paradise

If contentation him befall,
His happie ende exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth dayly grow:
The greater paine it doth require, except the iudge some mercy shew.
Wherefore I thinke and euer shall,
The happie end exceedeth all.

FINIS. D. S.

24. *He perswadeth his friend from the fond affectes of loue.*

V Why art thou bound and mayest go free, shall reason yeld to raging will:
Is thraldome like to libertie? wilt thou exchange thy good for ill:
Then shalt thou learne a childish play, and of each part to tast and proue:
The lookers on shall iudge and say, lo this is he that liues by Loue.

Thy wits with thoughts, shall stand at stay, thy head shall haue but heauy rest,
Thy eyes shall watch for wanton praies, thy tong. shall shew thy harts request:
Thy eares shall heare a thousand noise, thy hand shall put thy pen to paine,
And in the end, thou shalt dispraise, thy life so spent, for such small gaine.

If loue and list might euer cope, or youth might run in reasons race,
Or if strong sure might win sure hope, I would lesse blame a louers case:
For loue is hot, with great desire, and sweet delight makes youth so fond,
That little sparks will proue great fire, and bring free harts to entles bonds

First count the care, and then the cosse, & marke what fraud in faith is found,
Then after come, and make thy boast, & shew some cause why thou art bound:
For when the wine doth run full low, you shall be faine to drinck the lies,
And eat the flesh full well I know, that hath been blown with many flies.

We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse,
And though we find small fault of this, yet some will gild a bridles bolle:
A foole his bable will not chaunge, not for the scepter of a King,
A louers life is nothing straunge, for youth delights none other thing.

FINIS. *Tho. Churchyard,*

of daintie Deuises.

25. *Wanting his desire, he complayneth.*

The sailyng ships with ioy at length, do touch their long desired port,
The hewing are the oke doth wast, and battryng Canon breaks the fort:
Hard haged haukes stope to the lure, wild colts in time the bridle tames,
There is nothing so out of vze, but to his kinde long tyme it frames.
Yet this I finde in tyme, no tyme can winne my sute,
Though oft the tree I climbe, I cannot cathe the fruite.

And yet the pleasaunt bzaunches oft, in yeloyng wise to me they bote,
When I would touch they spring, sone are they gone I wote not how:
Thus I present that fleetynge floud, the *Tantalus* in hell below,
Would God my case she vnderstoode, which can full soone relieue my woe.
Which if to her were knowen, the fruite were surely myne,
She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle tozne, with rented sayles must needes retire,
And streame and winde haue playnly swozne, by force to hinder my desire:
Like one that strikes vpon the rockes, my weary wacke I should bewaile,
And learne to know false fortunes mockes, who smiles on me to small awaile.
Yet sith she onely can, my rented ship restore,
To helpe her wacked man; but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

28. *Trie before you trust.*

In frendes are found a heape of doubtcs, that double dealyng vse,
A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse:
A face for loue, a harte for hate, these faigned frendes can beare,
A tongue for troth, a head for wiles, to hurt ech simple eare.
In humble poozt, is poyson part, that plattinisse can not spy,
Which credites all, and can not see, where stingyng Serpentes lye:
Throughe hasty trust, the harmeless harte, is easely hampred in,
And made beleue it is good gold, when it is Lead and Tin.
The first deceit that bleres myne eyes, is faigned fayth profess,
The second trappe is gratyng talke, that gripes eche straungers bress:
The thirde deceit is greetynge wordes, with colours painted out,
Which vies suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no daingerous doubt.

D.iii.

The

The Paradise

The fourth, and last is long repayze, which creepes in friendships lap,
And dayly hauntes, that vnder trust, deuileth many a trap:
Loe how false friendes can frame a fetch, to win their will with wiles,
To sauce their sleighes with sugred sops, and shadow harme with smiles.
To serue their lustes, are sundry sortes, by practise diuers kindes,
Some caries hony in their mouthes, and vengume in their mindes:
He thinkes the stones within the streetes, should cry out in this case,
And euery one that doth them meet, should shunne their double face.

FINIS. D. S.

27. A Lady forsaken complayneth.

If pleasures be in paynfulnes: In pleasures doth my body rest,
If ioyes accord with carefulnes: A ioyfull hart is in my brest:
If prison strong be liberty: In liberty long haue I been,
If ioyes accord with miserie: Who can compare a life to mine.
Who can vnbind that is soze bound: Who can make free that is full thzall,
O; how can any meanes be found, to comfort such a wretch withall:
None can, but he that hath my hart, conuert my paynes to comfort then,
Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I been.
Since first in bondage I became, my wordes and deedes were euer such,
That neuer once he could me blame, except from louing him too much.
Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deserue disdaine,
Except he meane through false pretence, throghe forged loue to make a traine
Naie, naie, alas, my faigned thoughts, my friended and my faigned ruth,
By pleasures past my present plaints, shew wel I meane but to much truth.
But since I cannot him attaine, against my will I let him go,
And least he glozy at my paine, I will attempt to cloke my woe:
Youth, learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What grieuous greefes do grow by loue, and what it is to loue in vaine.

FINIS. M. D.

28. Finding worldly ioyes but vanities, he wisheth death.

Fo;lorne in filthy froward fate, wherein a thousand cares I finde:
By whom I do lament my state, annoyde with fond afflicted minde.
A wretch in woe, and dare not crye,
I liue, and yet I wishe to die.

The

of daintie Deuises.

The day in dole, that seemeth long, to passe with sighes and heauy cheare:
And with these eyes I vewe the wrong, that I sustayne by liupng here.

Uwhere my mishaps as rife do dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.

A wailng wight I walke alone, in desert dennes there to complayne:
Among the sauage sort to mone, I flee my frendes where they remayne.

And pleasure take to shunne the sight,
Uwhere erst I felt my great delight.

A captiue clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue:
My flesh & bones consumed bare, with crawling griefes full straunge to proue.

Though hap doth bid me hope at least,
Uwhiles grasse doth grow, yet starues the beast.

A sieged fort with foraine force, for want of ayde, must yeld at last,
So must my wearied pined corse, submit it selfe to bitter tast:

Of crawlyng care that crackes my brest,
Till hope of death, shall breake my rest.

FINIS. F. M.

A reply to M. Edwardes Maie.

Read a Dayng rime of late, delighted much my eare,
It may delight as many moe, as it shall read or heare:
ITo see how there is shewed, how Day is much of price,
And eke to Day when that you may, euen so is his aduise.
It seemes he ment to Day himselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the tyme did serue so well, in Day to haue his will:
His onely Day was ease of mynde, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his Day his mynde did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruites, of that his pleasaunt Day,
He wills his freend the same to vse, in tyme when as he may:
He is not for himselfe it semes, but wisheth well to all,
For that he would they should take Day, in tyme when it doth fall.
So vse your Day, you may, it can not hurtfull be,
And Day well vsed in tyme and place, may make you merie glee:
Modest Dayng meetest is, of this you may be sure,
A modest Dayng quietnesse, to Dayers doth procure.

The Paradise

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so doen,
Who may and it both take, may thinke he tooke to soone:
So ioyne your Day with wisdomes loze, and then you may be sure,
Who makes his Day in other sort, his vurest may procure.
Some Day before Day come, some Day when Day is past,
Some make their Day too late, and some do make post hast:
Let wisdom rule I say your Day, and thus I make an ende,
And Day, that when you list to Day, a good Day God you sende.
FINIS. M. S.

30. *Hanyng married a worthy Ladie, and taken away
by death, he complayneth his mishap.*

I A youth when I at large did lead, my life in lussy liberty,
When heauy thoghts no one did spread, to let my pleasant fantasy:
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might take thral.
And twenty yeres I scarce had spent, whē to make ful my happy face
Both treasures great were on me cast, with lands and titles of estate:
So as more blest then I, stood than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he, could more desire by iust request,
Then health, with welth, and liberty, al which at once I this possesse:
But masking in this iolly ioye,
A sodain sight, proude all a toy.
For passing on these merry days, with new deuise of pleasures great,
And now & thē to bew the raies, of beauties works w cunning feate:
In heauenly hewes, all which as one,
I oft beheld, but bound to none.
And one day rowlyng thus my eyes, vpo these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst y rest one did I se, who straight my wāozing loke did sease:
And stayed them firme, but such a sight,
Of beautie yet sawe neuer wight.
What shall I seke to praise it more, where tongs cānot wel praise y
But to be short to louers loze, I straight my lēces al did frame (same,
And were it wit, or were it chaunce,
I wonne the Carlande in this daunce.

And

of daintie Deuises.

And thus where I befoze had thought, no hap my fortune might encrease,
A double blisse this chaunce forth brought, so did my Ladies loue me please:

Her faith so firme, and constant such,
As neuer hart, can prayse too much.

But now with tormentes straunge I tast, the sickle stay of fortunes wheele,
And where she rayled from high to cast, with greater force of grief to feele:

For from this hap of sodaine frowne,
Of Princes face she threw me downe.

And thus exchaunge now hath it made, by libertie a thing most deare,
In hatefull prison for to fade, where sundred from my louing feare:

My wealch and health, standes at like stay,
Obscurely to consume away.

And last whē humane force was none, could part our lone wherein we liued,
My Ladies life alas is gone, most cruell death hath it bereued:

Whose vertues, her, to God hath wonne,
And left me here, a man vndoed.

FINIS. F.G.

31. *A worthy dittie, song before the Queenes
Maiestie at Bristol.*

MI trust not troth, that truely meanes, for euery ielous freke,
In stead of wrong, condemne not right, no hidden wrath to wreke:
Looke on the life of faultlesse life, how bright her vertues shine,
And measure out her steppes ech one, by leuell and by line.

Deme eche desart by vpright gesse, whereby your prayse shall liue,
If malice would be matcht with might, let hate no iudgement giue:
Enforce no feare with wresting wittes, in quiet conscience best,
Lend not your eares to busie tounge, which breedeth much unrest.

In doubtfull driftes wade not to farre, it wearies but the minde,
Seeke not to search the secret hartes, whose thoughtes are hard to finde:
Auoyde from you those hatefull heades, that helpes to heape mishap,
Be slow to heare the flatterers voyce, that creepeth in your lap.

Embrace their loue that willes you good, and sport not at their prayse,
Trust not too much vnto your selfe, for feeble are your staves:
How can your seate be settled fast, or stand on stedfast ground.

E.i.

So

The Paradise

So propped vp with hollow hartes, whose suretie is vnsound,

Giue faith to those that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regard not them that force compels to please you euery where:
All this well wayed and bozne way, shall stablish long your state,
Continually with perfect peace, in spite of puffing hate.

FINIS. D. S.

32. *An Epitaph vpon the death of Sir Edward Saunders
Knight, Lord chief Baron of the Exchequer.*

YDu Muses weare your mourning weedes, strike on the fatall drome,
Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame, in spite of Pareas dome:
Distill Parnassius pleasaunt drops, possesse Pierides place,
Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to wayle this wofull case.
Uring hard your handes, wayle on your losse, lament the fate that fell,
With sobbs and sighes to Saunders say, oh Saunders now farewell:
Whom Phœbus fed with Pallas papp, as one of Sibils seede,
Loe here where death did rest his corps, the vermine foule to feede.
Whom Impes of Ioue with Nectar sweete, long in Libethres nourisht,
Behold how dreadfull death him brought, to the whence he came first:
Lycurgus he for learned lawes, Radamantus race that ran,
An other Nector for aduice, Zalucus fame that wan.
A Damon deare vnto his friend, in faith like Phocion found,
A Cato that could counsell geue, to Prince a subiect sound:
Not Athens for their Solon sage, not Rome for Numa wayle,
As we for Saunders death haue cause, in floudes of teares to sayle.
Not Sparta card for Chilos death, nor proude Prienna prest,
To weepe for Bias as we wayle, our Saunders late possesse:
His learned pathes, his talentes rare, so now by death appeares,
As he that Salomon sought to serue, in yprime and youthfull yeares.
His counsell sad, his rules, his Lawes, in country soyle so wrought,
As though in Cumæ he had bene, of sage Sibilla taught:
His vertuous life was such I say, as vertue did embrace,
By vertue taught in vertues schoole, to grow in vertues race.
Might tender babes, might orphantes weake, might widowes reare the crie,
The sound thereof should pearce the cloudes, to scale the empire skie:

of daintie Deuises.

To bid the Gods to battaile bende, and to descende in sight,
Though farre vnfit, and mates vnnieete, with mortall men to fight.
Too late (alas) we wish his life, too soone deceiues vs Death,
Too little wit we haue to seeke, the dead agayne to breath:
What helpelesse is, most carelesse be, as Natures course doth show,
For death shall reape what life hath sownen, by nature this we know.
Where is that fierce Achilles fled, where is king Turnus shroude?
What is become of Priamus state, where is Periander proude?
Hector, Hanno, Hanniball, dead, Pompei, Pirrhus spild,
Scipio, Cyrus, Caesar slayne, and Alexander kild.
So long there Fortune fast did flow, and charged Fame to sound,
Till frowning Fortune foild by fate, which fawning Fortune found:
Shun Fortunes feakes, shake Fortune of, to none is Fortune sound,
Sith none may say of Fortune so, I Fortune fighfull found.
Behold where Fortune flowed so fast, and fauoured Saunders lure,
Till fickle Fortune false agayne, did Saunders death procure:
Loe clothed cold in cloddies of clay, in drossie dust remaine,
By fate return'd from whence he came, to his mothers wombe agayne.
Who welnigh thirtie yeares was Judge, before a Judge did fall,
And iudged by that mighty Judge, which Judge shall iudge vs all:
The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it betwyle,
Sith heauen wan, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of bayle.
The gayne is much, our losse is great, their mirth, our mone is such,
That they may laugh as cause doe yeld, and we may weepe as much.
O happy he, vnhappy we, his hap doth aye encrease,
Happy he, and haplesse we, his hap shall neuer cease.
We liue to dye, he died to liue, we want and he possesse,
We bide in bandes, he bathes in blisse, the Gods aboue him blest:
Weyng borne to liue, he liued to dye, and dyed to God so playne,
That birch, that life, that death doe shew, that he shall liue agayne.
His yout to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied,
His same to time, his time to God, thus Saunders liued and dyed:
O happy life, O happier death, O ten times happy he,
Whose hap it was, such hap to haue, a Judge this age to be.
Oh ioyfull time, Oh blessed soyle, where Pallas rules with wit,
O noble state, O sacred seate, where Saba sage doth sit:
Like Susan sound, like Sara sad, with Hesters Sace in hand,
With Indishes Sword Bellona like, to rule this noble land.

of daintie Deuises.

I had my will, you haue your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
I wanne now much, you gayne no lesse, to see this happy day.
Wherein I dyed, wherein you liue, oh treble happy cost,
Wherein I ioyed in glozy great, wherein you triumph most.
Kneele on your knees, knocke hard your brests, sound forth the ioyfull drome,
Clap loude your handes, sound *Eccho* say, the golden world is come.
Reioyce you Iudges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
As neuer earst you Iudges had, in England mirth so much.
Here *Cuma* is, here *Sibill* reignes, on *Delphos* seate to sit,
Here she like *Phabus* rules, that can *Gordius* knot vnknit.
I liued to Nature long inough, I liued to honour much,
I liued at wish, and died at will, to see my countrey such.
As neither needes it *Numas* lawes, nor yet *Apollos* swerd,
For mauger *Mars*, yet *Mars* shalbe of this our Queene afeard.
O pearelesse pearle, O Diamond deare, O Queene of Queenes farewell,
Pour royall Maiestie God preserve, in England long to dwell.
Farewell the *Phenix* of the world, farewell my soueraigne Queene,
Farewell most noble vertuous Prince, *Minernas* mate I weene.
No Jewell, Gemme, no Gold to giue, no Pearles from *Pactolas* los,
No Persian Gaze, no Indian Stone, no *Tagus* sandes to show.
But faith and will to natiue soyle, a liue and dead I finde,
By hart my minde, my loue I leaue vnto my Prince behinde,
Farewell you Nobles of this land, farewell you Iudges graue,
Farewell my felowes, frendes and mates, your Queene I say God saue.
What rise in time, in time doth fall, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time shall dye, and yeld to *Parcus* webbe.
The Sunne to darcknesse shalbe turn'd, the starres from skyes shall fall,
The Moone to bloud, the world with fire shalbe consumed all.
As smoke or vapour vanish straight, as bubbles rise and fall,
As cloudes doe passe, or shadow shiftes, we liue, we dye so all.
Our pompe, our pride, our triumph most, our glozy great herein,
Like shattering shadow passe away, as though none such had bin.
Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire, as they were earst befoze,
A lump confused, and *Chaos* call'd, so shall they once be moze.
And all to earth, that came from earth, and to the graue descende,
For earth on earth, to earth shall goe, and earth shalbe the end.
As Christ ascended by the cloudes, so Christ in cloudes shall come,
To Iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadfull day of dome.

From

The Paradise

From whence our flesh shall rise agayne, euen from the drossie dust,
And so shall passe I hope, vnto the Mansion of the iust.

FINIS. Lodowicke LLOYD.

33. His good name beyng blemished, be bewayleth.

Fram'd in the front of forlorne hope, past all recouerie,
I stailes stand tabide, the shooke of shame and infamie:
My life through lingring long is lodg'd, in lare of lothsome wayes,
My death delayed to keepe from life, the harne of haplesse dayes:
My sprites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe distresse are dround,
The onely losse of my good name, is of these griefes the ground.

And since my mynde, my wit, my head, my voyce, and tounge are weake,
To utter, moue, deuise, conceiue, sound forth, declare, and speake:
Such pearling plaintes, as aunswere might, or would my wofull case,
Helpe craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face:
Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To waile with me the losse of myne, as of these griefes the ground.

Helpe Gods, helpe saints, helpe sprites & powers, that in the heauen do dwel,
Helpe ye that are ayre wont to waile, ye howling houndes of hell:
Helpe man, helpe beastes, helpe birdes & wormes, that on the earth doth toyle,
Helpe fish, helpe foule, that flockes and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle:
Helpe *Eccho* that in the ayre doth flee, shill voyces to resound,
To waile this losse of my good name, as of these griefes the ground.

FINIS. E. O.

34. Of Fortunes power.

Policrates whose passing hap, caus'd him to lose his fate,
A golden ring cast in the seas, to chaunge his constant state:
And in a fish yet at his bourd, the same he after found,
Thus fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bountie doth abound.

The mixers vnto might she mountes, a common case we see,
And mightie to great miserie, she sets in low degree:

E.iii.

Whom

The Paradise

Whom she, to day doth reare on hye, vpon her whirling wheele,
To morow next she dingeth downe, and casteth at her heele.

No measure hath she in her giftes, she doth reward ech sort,
The wise that counsell haue, no more, then fooles that maketh sport:
She vseth neuer parciall handes, for to offend or please,
Giue me good Fortune all men sayes, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthinesse, that makes men fall or rise,
I rather be bozne fortunate, then to be very wise:
The blindest man right soone, that by good fortune guided is,
To whom that pleasaunt Fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amiss.

FINIS. M. Edmardes.

36. Though triumph after bloody warres, the greatest brags doe beare,
Yet triumph of a conquered wynde, the crowne of fame shall weare:

Who so doth marke the carelesse life, of these vnhappy dayes,
And sees what small and slender hold, the state of vertues stayes
He findes that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen too much to yeld, to their vntamed will.

In lacke of taming witlesse will, the poore we often see,
Enuies the riche, because that he, his equall can not bee:
The riche aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refrayne,
But will oppresseth weaker sort, to heape excessiue gayne.

If Fortune were so blind, to giue to one man what he will,
A world would not suffice the same, if he might haue his fill:
We wish, we searche, we strue for all, and haue no more therein,
Then hath the slaue, when death doth come, though *Cresus* wealth he win.

In getting much, we get but care, such byttle wealth to keepe,
The rich within his walles of stone, doth neuer soundly sleepe:
When poore in weake and slender house, doe feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe them selues in health.

Affection may not hide the sword of sway, in iudgement seate,

Least

of daintie Deuises.

Least partiaill fauour execute, the law in causes great:
But if the mynde in constant state, affection quite doe leaue,
The higher state shall haue their rightes, the poore no wrong receiue.

It is accompted greater prayse, to *Cæsars* lofty state,
Agaynst his vanquest foes, in warres to brydle wreckfull hate:
Then when to Rome he had subdued, the people long vnkowne,
Whereby as farre as land was found, the same abroad was blowne.

If honour can selfe will refuse, and Justice be vpight,
And priuate state desires but that, which good appears in sight:
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shew, to euery eye reueale,
An heauenly life, a wealfull state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouerne all your deedes,
Pour yelding to her sober hestes, immortall glozy breedes:
She shall vpeare your worthy name, shynng into the skies,
Her beames shall blaze in graue obscure, where shyned carkasse lyes.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

37. Of perfect wisdom.

Who so will be accompted wise, and truely clayme the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he must attcheue the same:
But few there be, that seeke thereby, true wisdom to attayne,
O God so rule our hartes therfoze, such fondnesse to refrayne.

The wisdom which we most esteeme, in this thing doth consist,
With glonzions talke to shew in wordes, our wisdom when we list:
Yet not in talke, but seemely deedes, our wisdom we should place,
To speake so fayze, and doe but ill, doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargayne well, and shunne the losse, a wisdom compted is,
And thereby thzough the greedy copne, no hope of grace to mis:
To seeke by honour to aduance, his name to brytle prayse,
Is wisdom which we payly see, increaseth in our dayes.

But heauenly wisdom lower seemes, too hard for them to win,

C. iiii.

And

The Paradise

And wearie of the lute they seeme, when they doe once begin:
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we haue,
When it dissolueth earthly masse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisdom is, which we neglect, although of greater price:
A point of wisdom also this, we commonly esteeme,
That euery man should be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To brydle that desire of gayne, which forceth vs to ill,
Our haucie stomackes Lord repress, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisdom that we should, aboue eche thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant hartes, the rules of wisdom true,
That all our deedes in woꝛldly life, may like thereof insue:
Thou onely art the liuing spring, from whom this wisdom flowes,
O wash therewith our sinfull hartes, from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

38. A frendly admonition.

YE stately wightes, that liue in quiet rest,
Thꝛough woꝛldly wealth, which God hath giuen to you:
Lament with teares and sighes from dolefull bꝛest,
The shame and power, that vice obtaineth now:
Behold how God doth dayly profer grace,
Yet we disdayne repentaunce to embrace.

The suddes of sinne doe soke into the minde,
And cancred vice, doth vertue quite expell:
No chaunge to good, alas can resting finde,
Our wicked hartes, so stoutly doe rebell:
Not one there is, that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his dayly thꝛeates downe send:

We are so slow to chaunge our blamefull life,

We

of daintie Deuises.

We are so prest, to snatche a luring vice:
Such greedy hartes, on euery side be rife,
So few that guide, their will by counsell wise:
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for vnderfuerd grace.

You worldly wightes, that haue your fancies set,
On slipper ioy, of terraine pleasure here:
Let some remorse, in all your deedes be mixt,
Whiles you haue time, let some redresse appeare:
Of sodaine death, the houre you shall not know,
And looke for death, although it seemeth slow.

Oh be no Judge, in other mens offence,
But purge thy selfe, and seeke to make thee free:
Let euery one, apply his diligence,
A chaunge to good, within him selfe to see:
O God direct our feete in such a way,
From cancred vice, to shun the hatefull way.

FINIS. R. Hill.

39. Sundrie men, sundry affectes,

In euery wight, some sundry sort of pleasure I doe finde,
Which after he doth seeke, to ease his coyling minde:
Diana with her trainyng chace, of hunting had delight,
Against the fearefull Deare, she could direct her shot a right.
The loftie peares in euery age, doth still embrace the same,
The sport is good, if vertue doe assist the chearefull game.

Minerva in her chattering armes, her courage doth aduance,
In triall of the bloudy warres, she giueth luckie chaunce:
For sauegard men embrace the same, which doe so needefull seeme,
That noble hartes their chief delightes, in vse therof esteeme.
In warlike games to try or ride, the force of armes they vse,
And bafe the man we doe attempt, that doth the same refuse.

The siluer sound of Musikes cordes, doth please Apollos wit,

f. i.

The Paradise

A sentence which the heauens aduance, where it deserues to sit:
A pleasure apt for euery wight, relief to carefull mynde,
If for woe redresse, for care a salve, for sadnesse helpe we finde.
The soueraigne prayse of Musicke still, doth cause the Poetes fayne,
That whirling Spheres, and eke the heauens doe hermonie retayne.

I heard, that these three powers, at variaunce lately fell,
Whiles ech did prayse his owne delight, the other to excell:
Then came, as an indifferent Iudge, to end the case they call,
The prayse pronounced by her to them, indifferently doth fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, Minerva force doth tame,
And Musicke giues a sweete delight, to further others game.

These three delightes to haucie myndes, the worthiest are esteemed,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so demed:
With ioy they doe reuiue the wit, with sorrow oft opprest,
And neuer suffer solemne grief, too long in minde to rest.
Be wise in mirth, and seeke delight, the same doe not abuse,
In honest mirth a happy ioy, we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. R. Hill.

40. Of a friend and a flatterer.

A Trustie friend is rare to finde, a fawning foe may soone be got,
A faithfull friend beare still in mynde, but fawning so regard thou not.
A faithfull friend no cloke doth craue, to coler knauery withall,
But Sycophant a gun must haue, to beare a pozt what ere be fall.
A nose to smell out euery feast, a bzasen face to set it out,
A shamelesse chilo or homely gest, whose life doth like to raunge about:
A fawning foe while wealth doth last, a theefe to rob and spoyle his friend,
As strong as oke while wealthy doth last, but rotten sticke doth proue in y end.

Looke first, then leape, beware the mire,
Burnt child is warnd to dread the fire;
Take heed my friend, remember this,
Short horse (they say) soone carried is,

FINIS. M. Edwardes,

of daintie Deuises.

41. Of sufferance cometh ease.

TD seeme for to reuenge ech wrong in hastie wise,
By prooffe of guiltlesse men, it hath not bene the guise:
In flanders lothsome brute, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong, where truth shall trie them free.
These are the pacient pangues, that passe within the brest,
Of those, that feele their cause by myne, where wrong hath right opprest:
I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudg'd awrie,
And graunted guiltie in the thing, that clearly I denie.
My faith may me defend, if I might loued bee,
God iudge me so, as from the guilt, I know me to be free:
I wrote but for my selfe, the grief was all myne owne,
As, who would proue extremitie, by prooffe it might be knowne.
Yet are they such, that say they can, my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this old troth, thinges proue not as they seeme.
Whereby it may befall, in iudgement to be quicke,
To make them selues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I doe amisse, as though I knew, by whom it might be wrought:
If any such there be, that herewithall be vert,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

FINIS. L. Vanr.

43. All thinges are vayne.

ALthough the purple morning, brags in brightnesse of the Sunne,
As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day, giues place agayne, to force of viousie night,
And euery creature is constraind, to chaunge his lustie plight,
Of pleasures all, that here we cast,
We feele the contrarie at last.

In Spring, thou pleasaunt Zephirus, hath fructfull earth inspired,
And neuer hath ech bush, ech braunche, with blossomes braue attired:
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes full quickly withered be,
When stormie winter comes to kill, the summers iollitie,

By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

F.ii.

Although

The Paradise

Although the Seas so calmly glide, as daungers none appeare,
And doubt of stormes, in skye is none, king Phabus shines so cleare:
Yet when the boisterous windes breake out, and raging waues do swell,
The selie barke now heaves to heauen, now sinckes agayne to hell.

Thus chaunge in euery thing we see,
And nothing constaunt seemes to bee.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most vn sure,
And he that chiefly tastes of ioy, doe sometime woe endure:
Who vanteth most of numbred frendes, forgoe them all he must,
The fayrest flesh and liuely bloud, is tourn'd at length to dust.

Experience giues a certaine ground,
That certaine here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauens aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Storme, is able to remoue.
Trust to that sure celestiall rocke, that restes in glorious throne,
That hath bene, is, and must be still, our anker hold alone.

The world is but vanitie,
In heauen seeke we our suretie.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

44. A vertuous Gentlewoman in the prayse of her loue.

I Am a virgin fayre and free, and freely doe reioyce,
I sweetly warble sugred notes, from silver voyce:
For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I curteous Loue,
By whose almightie power, such sweete delightes I proue.

I walke in pleasaunt fieldes, adorn'd with liuely greene,
And vewe the fragrant flowers, most louely to be seene:
The purple Columbine, the Coussippe and the Lillie,
The Violet sweete, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The woodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
And eche fine flowers els, that rendzeth sweete delight:
Among the which I chose, all those of seemeliest grace,
In thought, resembling them, to my deare louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flourishing giftes,

His

of daintie Deuises.

His euerliuing fame, to loftie Skye vpliftes:
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, all onely care I take.

Of all which fresh fayre flowers, that flower that doth appeare,
In my conceipt, most like to him I hold so deare:
I gather it, I kisse it, and eke deuise with it,
Such kinde of louely speach, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowers, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wier beares, together I doe twine:
And set it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowers, myne eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my louers giftes, most pleasaunt to my mynde:
Upon which vertuous giftes, I make more repast,
Then they that for loue sportes, the sweetest ioyes doe tast.

FINIS. F. K.

45. *Oppressed with sorrow, he wisbeth Death.*

If Fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,
And grippng grief constrain, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne, hath greater cause then I,
Against whose hard mishap, both heauen and earth is bent.
For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no hope is left,
From whom all happy hap is fled, and pleasure quite bereft:
Whose life naught can prolong, whose health, naught can procure,
Whose passed prooofe of pleasaunt ioy,
Dischaunce hath chaunged to griefes anoy.
And he whose hope of better day,
Is ouerwhelm'd with long delay.

Oh hard mishap.

Eche thing I plainly see, whose vertues may auayle,
To ease the pinching payne, which gripes the groning wight:
By Physickes sacred skill, whose rule doth seldome fayle.
Through labours long inspect, is plainly brought to light.

F. iii.

A

The Paradise

I know, there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rinde,
No hearbe, no plant, no iuice, no gum, no mettall deeply minde:
No Pearle, no precious ſtone, ne Gem of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large doe not detect.
Yet all their force can not appease,
The furious ſites of my diſeaſe:
For any drugges of Phiſickes arte,
Can eaſe the grief that gripes my harte.

Oh ſtraunge diſeaſe.

I heare the wiſe affirme, that Nature hath in ſtoze,
A thouſand ſecret ſalues, which wiſedome hath out found:
To coole, the ſcorching heate, of euery ſmarting ſore,
And healeth deep: A ſcarre, though greuous be the wound.
The auncient Prouerbe ſayes, that none ſo ſoftred grief,
Doth grow, for which the Gods themſelues, haue not ordained relief:
But I by prooſe doe know ſuch Prouerbes to be vayne,
And thinke that Nature neuer knew, the plague that I ſuſtaine.
And ſo not knowing my diſtreſſe,
Hath left my grief remedleſſe.
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.

Oh laſting payne.

In chaunge of ayre I ſee, by haunt of heathfull ſoyle,
By diet duely kept, groſſe humours are expell:
I know that griefes of minde, and inward hartes turmoyle,
By faithfull frendes aduiſe, in time may be repell.
Yet all this naught auayles, to kill that me annoyes,
I meane to ſtop theſe floudes of care, that ouerflow my ioyes:
No none erchaunge of place, can chaunge my luckleſſe lot,
Like one I liue, and ſo muſt dye, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counſell can preuaile with me,
Nor ſage aduiſe with grief agree:
For he that feeles the panges of hell,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.

Oh deepe diſpayre.

What liues on earth but I, whole trauayle reapes no gayne,
The wearied Horſe and Oxe, in ſtall and ſtable reſt:
The Ante with ſummers toyle, beares out the winters payne,

The

of daintie Deuises.

The foule that flies all day, at night returns to rest.
The Ploughmans wearie worke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with sommers gayne, which yeldes him double hire:
The sillie labouring soule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truely payed, contented goeth his way.
And commyng home, his droulie hed,
He coucheth close in homely bed:
Wherein no sooner downe he lyes,
But sleepe hath straight possesse his eyes.

Oh happy man.

The Souldiour biding long, the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadly foyle:
At last comes ioyfull home, though mangled all with scarres,
Where frankly, boyde of feare, he spendes the gotten spoyle.
The Pirate lying long, amid the foming floudes,
With euery flaw in hazaerd is, to lose both life and goodes:
At length findes vewe of land, where wished Port he spies,
Which once obtayned, among his mates, he partes the gotten prise.
Thus euery man, from trauaile past,
Death reape a iust reward at last:
But I alone, whose troubled minde,
In seeking rest, unrest doth finde.

Oh lucklesse lot.

Oh cursed caitife wretch, whose heauy hard mishap,
Doth with ten thousand times, that thou hadst not bene bozne:
Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in sorowes lap,
Where wailynge wast thy life, of all redressse forlorne.
What shall thy grief appeale: who shall thy torment stay?
Wilt thou thy selfe, with murdering handes, enforce thy owne decay:
No, farre be thou from me, my selfe to stop my breath,
The Gods forbid, whom I beseech, to worke my toyes by death.
For lingryng length of lothsome life,
Doth stirre in me such mortall strife:
That whiles for life, and death I cry,
In death I liue, and liuing dye.

Oh froward fate.

Loe here my hard mishap, loe here my straunge disease,
Loe here my deepe dispayre, loe here my lasting payne:
Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appeale,

F.iiii.

Loe

The Paradise

Loe here how others toyle, rewarded is with gayne.
With lucklesse, loe I liue, in losse of labours due,
Compeld by pzoofe of toymēt strong, my endlesse grief to rue:
Is which, since needes I must, consume both youth and age,
If old I liue, and that my care no comfort can allwage.
Henceforth I banish from my brest,
All frustrate hope of future rest:
And truthlesse trust to Tymes reward,
With all respectes of ioyes regard.
Here I forswear.

47. *Where reason makes request, there wisdomē ought supplie.
With frendly aunswere prest, to graunt or els denie.*

I Sigh, why so: for sorow of her smart,
I mourne, wherfore: for grief that she complaines:
I pitie, what: her oppressed hart,
I dread, what harme: the daunger she sustaines.
I greeue, whereat: at her oppressing paynes,
I feele, what force the fittes of her disease,
Whose harme doth me and her, a like displease.

I hope, what hay: her happy healthes retire,
I wish, what wealth: no wealth, nor worldly store:
But craue, what craft: by cunnyng to aspire
Some skill, whereto: to salue her sickely sore.
What then: why then would I her health restore
Whose harme me hurtēs, how so: so workes my will:
To wish my selfe and her, like good and ill.

What moues thy minde, whereto: to such desire,
Ne force, ne fauour, what then: free fancies choyle:
Art thou to chose: my charter to require,
Eche Ladies loue, is sedde by customes voyce,
Yet are there grauntes, the euidence of their choyle.
What then, our freedome is at large in chosing,
As womens wills are froward in refusing.

Notes

of daintie Deuises.

Notes she thy will: she knowes what I protest,
Dainde she thy sute: she daungerd not my talke:
Gane she consent: she graunted my request,
~~What~~ didst thou craue: the roote, the fruite, the stalke,
I asked them all, what gaue she, cheese, oz chalke:
That tast must trie, what tast: I meane the prooffe,
Of frendes, whose wills withhold their bow aloofe.

Heanst thou good fayth: what els, hopest thou to speede:
why not, O foole vntaught in carpell trade,
Knowest not what proofes from such delays proceede,
wilt thou like headlesse Cocks be caught in glade:
Art thou like Asse, too apt for burden made:
Fie, fie, wilt thou for faint adoze the shine:
And woe her friend, ere she be wholly thine.

Who drew this drift: moued she, oz thou this match:
Twas I: oh foole vnware of womens wiles,
Long mayest thou wayle, like hungry hound at hatch:
She craftie Fore, the sillie Goose beguiles,
Thy sute is shaped, so fit for long delay,
That she at will may checke, from yea to nay.

But in good sooth, tell me her frendes intent,
Best learne it first, their purpose I not know:
why then thy will to worse and worse is bent,
Doeft thou delight, the unkindled coale to blow:
O childlike louest, in ankred Boate to row,
what meane these termes: who sith thy sute is such,
Know of oz on, oz thou affect too much.

No hast but good, why no, the meane is best,
Admit she loue, millike in lingring grows:
Suppose she is caught, then woodcocke on thy crest,
Till end approues, what scozefull feedes she sowes.
In loytring loue, such daungers ebbes and flowes,
what helpe herein: why wake in daunge: our watch:
That to, noz fro, may make thee marre the match.

The Paradise

Is that the way, to end my wearie worke:
By quicke dispatch, to lessen long turlmoyle:
Well well, though losse in lingering woutes to lurke,
And I a foole, most fitte to take the foyle.
Yet prooue from promise, neuer shall recople,
My wordes with deedes, and deedes with wordes shall wende:
Till she or hers, gainsay that I intende.

Art thou so fonde: not fonde, but firmly fast,
Why foole, her frendes, wote how thy will is bent:
Yet thou like dolt, whose witte and sence is past,
Seest not what frumpes, do follow thy entent.
We know, how loue in few of scozne is lent,
A due, for sighes such follie should preuent:
Well well, their scoffes with scoznes might be repayed,
If my requestes, were fully yead or nayed.
Well well, let these with wisdomes prayse be wayed:
And in your chest of chiefest secretes layed.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

48. *What ioye to a contented mynde.*

The fayth that fayles, must needes be thought vntrue,
The frend that faignes, who holdeth not vniust:
Who likes that loue, that chaungeth still for new,
Who hopes for truth, where troth is voyde of trust.
No faith, no frend, no loue, no troth so sure,
But rather fayles, then stedfastly endure.

What head so stayed: that altereth not intent,
What thought so sure: that stedfast did remaine,
What witte so wise: that neuer needes repent:
What tongue so true: but sometime woutes to fayne,
What foote so firme: that neuer treads awrie,
What soone dimde: then sight of clearest eye.

What hart so fixt: but soone enclines to change,

what

of daintie Deuises.

what mode so milde: that neuer moued debate:
what faith so strong: but lightly likes to raunge,
what loue so true: that neuer learned to hate.
what life so pure: that lastes without offence,
what worldly mynde: but moues with ill pretence.

What knot so fast: that may not be buttide,
what seale so sure: but fraude or force shall breake,
what prop of stay: but one tyme shrinkes aside,
what ship so stauche: that neuer had a leake.
what graunt so large: that no exception makes,
what hoped helpe: but friend at neede forsakes.

What seate so high: but low to ground may fall,
what hay so good: that neuer found mislike:
what state so sure: but subiect is to thral,
what force preuailes: where Fortune list to strike.
what wealth so much: but time may tourne to want,
what store so great: but wasting maketh scant.

What profits hope: in depth of daungers thral,
what trust in time: but wareth worse and worse:
what helpes good hart, if Fortune frowne withall,
what blessing thriues agaynst heauenly helpelesse curse.
what winnes desire, to get and cannot gayne,
what bootes to wish, and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

49. *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus spes.*

Then as the Rauen, the Crow, and greedy Kite,
Doe swarming flocke, where carren corpes doth fall:
And tiring teare with beake, and talentes might,
Both skin and flesh, to gorge their guttes withall,
And neuer cease, but gather moe to moe,
Doe all to pull, the carcas to and fro:

C.ii.

CU

The Paradise

Till bared bones, at last they leaue behinde,
And seeke elsewhere, some fatter foode to finde.

Euen so I see, where wealth doth waie at will,
And gold doth grow, to heapes of great encrease:
There frendes resoꝛt, and pꝛofering frendship still,
Full thicke they throng, with neuer ceasing pꝛease.
And slyly make, a shew of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inward hate is ment:
For when mischaunce, shall chaunge such wealth to want,
They packe them thence, to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. *My lucke is losse.*

50. *Amantium iræ amoris redimite gratia est.*

I In goyng to my naked bed, as one that would haue slept,
I heard a wise sing to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighed soꝛe, and sang full sweete, to bꝛing the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her bꝛest.
She was full wearie of her watch and greued with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it smilde:
Then did she say, now haue I found, this pꝛouerbe true to pꝛoue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuyng is of loue

Then tooke I paper, penne and Inke, this pꝛouerbe for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight:
As she proceeded thus in song, vnto her little bꝛat,
Such matter vttered she of waight, in place where as she sat.
And pꝛoued playne, there was no beast, noꝛ creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without disorde and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faythfull frendes, renuyng is of loue.

She sayd that neither King ne Pꝛince, ne Lord could liue a right,
Untill their puissance they did pꝛoue, their manhood and their might:
When manhood shall be matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then wearie woꝛkes make warriours, eche other to embrace.
And leaued their foꝛce that fayled them, which did consume the rout,

That

of daintie Deuises.

That might before haue liued their time, and Nature out:
Then did she sing, as one that thought, no man could her reproue,
The falling out of faythfull frendes, renuyng is of loue.

She sayd she saw no fish ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a straunger in their kinde, but could giue it a taunt:
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wthath succede,
And force the sight to fall to play, in pasture where they feede.
So noble Nature can well end, the worke she hath begone,
And bryde well that will not cease, her tragedie in some:
Thus in song she oft rehearst, as did her well behoue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuyng is of loue.

I maruaile much pardy quoth she, for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to tolle the world about:
Some kneele, some couche, some becke, some checke, & some cā smothly smile,
And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a wile.
Some stand a loose at cap, and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are they neuer frendes in deede, untill they once fall out:
Thus ended she her song, and sayd before she did remoue,
The fallng out of faythfull frendes, renuyng is of loue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

51. *I thinke to dye.*

The life is long, which lothsomely doe last,
The dolefull dayes, draw slowly to their date:
The present pangues, and painefull plagues forpast,
Yeldes grief aye greene, to stablish his estate,
So that I feele in this great storme and strife,
That death is sweete, that shortneth such a life.

And by the stroke, of this straunge ouerthrow,
All which conflict, in thraldome I was thrust:
The Lord be prayesd, I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the way, vpon how feeble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

C.iii.

The

The Paradise

The pleasaunt yeares, that seemes so sweetly runne,
The merrie dayes to ende, so fast that fleete:
The ioyfull wights, of which dayes drawes so soone,
The happie howres, which moe do misse then meete:
Doe all consume, as snow against the Sunne,
And death makes ende of all that life begunne.

Since death shall dure, till all the world be waste,
What meaneth man, to dread Death then so sore?
As man might make, that life should alway laste,
without regarde, the Lord hath led before.
The daunce of Death, which all must runne on row,
The howre wherein, onely himselfe doth know.

If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring,
What grievous crimes, to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perill thereby spring,
With no sure howre, in all his daie to sit.
He would sure thinke, as with great cause I doe,
The day of death, is happier of the two.

Death is the doore, whereby we draw to ioye,
Life is the lacke, that draweth all in paine:
Death is so dole, it leaseth all awaie,
Life is so leud, that all it yeeldes is vaine.
And as by life in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by Death, is freedome likewise wrought.

wherefore with Paule, let all men wishe and prae,
To be dissolued, of this foule fleshly masse:
Or at the least, be arm'd against the daie,
That they be found, good souldiours prest to passe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And such a life, as euer shall remaine.

FINIS. D. S.

of daintie Deuises.

51. If thou desire to liue in quiet rest,
Giue care and see, but say the best.

If thou delight, in quietnesse of life,
Desire to shun, from braules, debate and strife:
To liue in loue with God, with friend and so,
In rest shalt sleepe, when others can not so.

Giue care to all, yet do not all beleue,
And see the ende, and then doe sentence giue:
But say for truth, of happie liues assinde,
The best hath he, that quiet is in minde.

FINIS. W. Hunis.

52. Beyng forsaken of his friend,
he complayneth.

Why should I linger long to liue,
In this diseale of fantasie:
Since Fortune doth not cease to giue,
Things to my minde most contrarie.
And at my iopes both lowe and frowne,
Till she hath tourned them vpsidowne.

A friend I had to me most deare,
And of long time faithfull and iust:
There was no one, my hart so neare,
Nor one in whom I had more trust.
Whom now of late, without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grasse me thinkes should grow in Skie,
The Starres vnto the earth cleaue fall:
The water streame should passe awzie,
The windes should leaue their strength of blaff,
The Sunne and Moone by one assent,
Should both forsake the firmament.

C.iii.

Ch

The Paradise

The fish in ayre should flie with fenne,
The foules in floud, should bring forth fry:
All thinges me thinkes should erst beginne,
To take their course vnnaturally,
Afoze my frend should alter so,
without a cause to be my foe.

But such is Fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to weake:
Such spite he hath at me alway,
And ceaseth not my hart to breake.
with such despite of crueltie,
wherfoze then longer liue should I.

FINIS. E.S.

45. Prudence. The historie of Damacles, and Dionise.

Who so is set in Princely throne, and traueith rule to beare,
Is still beset on euery side, with perill and with feare:
High trees by stormy windes are shakt, and rent vp from the ground,
And flashy flackes of lightning flames, on turrets doe rebound.
When little shrubes in safetie lurke, in couert all alow,
And freshly flourish in their kinde, what euer winde doe blow,
The cruell kyng of Scythia: who fearing Barbares handes:
was wont to singe his beard himselfe, with coale and fire brandes,
Hath taught vs this, the proofe wherof, full plainly we may see,
Was neuer thing moze liuely touched, to shew it so to bee:
This kyng did seeme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
Because he thought none like to him, in power or in might.
who did alone so farre excell, the rest in his degree,
As doth the Sunne in brightnesse cleare, the darkest starre we see:
wilt thou (then sayd this cruell kyng) proue this my present state,
Possesse thou shalt this seate of myne and so be fortunate.
Full gladly then this Damacles, this proferd honour tooke,
And shooting at a Princely life, his quiet rest forsooke:
In honours seate then was he platt, according to his will,
Forthwith a banquet was prepared, that he might least his life

Nothing

of daintie Deuises.

Nothing did want wherein twas thought, that he could take delight,
To feede his eye, to fill his mouth, or please the appetite:
Such store of plate, I thinke in Greece, there scarcely was so much,
His seruitures did Angels seeme, their passing shape was such.
No daintie dish but there it was, and thereof was such store.
That through out Greece so Princely cheare, was neuer sene before:
Thus while in pompe and pleasures seate, this *Damacles* was platt,
And did begin with gladsome hart, ech daintie dish to tast.
At length by chaunce call by his eyes, and gan the house to vew,
And saw a sight that him enforst, his Princely state to rew:
A sword forsooth with downward point, that no stronger thred,
Then one horse heare that peried it, direct vpon his hed.
Wherewith he was so sore amas'd, and shooke in euery part,
As though the sword that hong aboue, had stroke him to the hart:
Then all their pleasures tooke their leaue, and sorrow came in place,
His heauy hart the teares declard, that trickled downe his face.
And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the king of grace,
That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of that place:
And sayd that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
What tis to be a happie man, and princely rule to beare.
This deede of thine oh *Dionise*, deserues immortall fame,
This deede shall alwayes liue with prayse, though thou didst liue with shame
Whereby both kinges be put in mynde, their daungers to be greate,
And subiectes be forbid to climbe, high steppes of honours seate.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

55. *Fortitude. A young man of
Egypt and Valerian.*

THE one deserues great prayse to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
Both he that can sustaine the poke of paynes, and doth not shrinke
And he whom *Cupids* couert craft can nothing moue at all,
Into the hard and tangled knots of *Venus* snares to fall.
Besturre you then who so delightes, in vertues race to runne,
The flying bope with bow bent, by strength to ouercome:
As one did once when he was yong, and in his tender dayes,
Whose stout and noble deede of his, hath got immortall prayse.
The wicked Romaines did pursue, the silly Christians than,

W

W hat

The Paradise

What time *Valerian* Emperour was, a wicked cruell man:
who spared not with bloudy draughtes, to quench his owne desire,
Dispatching all that stuck to *Christ*, with hot consuming fire.
At length a man of tender yeares, was brought before his sight,
Such one as nature seemed to make, a witnesse of her might:
For euery part so well was set, that nothing was depaured.
So that the cruell king himselfe, would gladly him haue saued.
So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of natures power,
So finely built, so sodainly destroyed within an hower:
Then meanes he sought to overcome, or win him at the last,
To slip from *Christ*, whom he before, had earnestly profest:
A bed prepared, so finely deckt, such diuers pleasaunt smells,
That well it might appeare a place, where pleasure onely dwells:
By him he layd a naked wench, a *Venus* darling sure,
Which sugred speach and louely toyes, that might his mynde allure.
Such wanton louers as these he thought, might easily him entise.
Which thinges he knew with lustie youth, had alwayes bene in prise:
Such wayes I thinke the Gods them selues, could haue inuented none.
For flattering *Venus* ouercomes, the senses euerychone.
And he himselfe was euen at point, to *Venus* to consent,
Had his stout and manly minde, resisted his entent:
When he perceiued his flesh to yeld, to pleasure not wanton toyes,
And was by sight almost prouoked, to cast of *Venus* toyes.
More cruell to himselfe then those, that glad would him vndoo,
Which bloudy tooth, his tender tongue, bit quite and cleane in twoo:
Thus was the payne so passing great, of this his bloudy bit,
That all the fire and carnall lust, was quenched euery whit.
Do ill and all thy pleasures then, full soone will passe away,
But yet the shame of those thy deedes, will more decay:
Do well, and though thy paynes be great, yet soone ech one will cease,
But yet, the praysse of those thy deedes, will euermore encrease.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

56. *Iustice, Zaleuch and his sone.*

Let rulers make most perfect lawes, to rule both great and small,
If they themselves obey them not, it booteth not at all:
As lawes be nought but rulers done, containyng equall might,
So rulers should be speaking Lawes, to rule by line of right.

Zaleu.

of daintie Deuises.

Zaleuch the Prince of *Locrine* once, appointed by decree,
Each lecherer should be punished, with losse of either eye:
His sonne by chaunce offended first, which when his father saw,
Lord God how earnest then was he, to execute the law.
Then came the people all by flockes, to him with weeping eyes,
Not one among the rout there was, but pardon, pardon cries:
By whose outcries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stand,
That he thereby should then obtaine, some pardon at his hand.
But all in vayne, for he is found, to be the man he was,
And maketh hast so much the more, to haue the law to passe:
The people yet renewed their sute, in hope of some relief,
Whose faces all besprent with teares, did testifie their grief.
And cried all for pities sake, yeld now to our request,
If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the payn at least:
Then somewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples voyce,
And euery man did giue a shoute, to shew they did reioyce.
well then (quoth he) it shall be thus, the law shall be fulfilled,
And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, according as you wilde:
One eye of his shall be pulde out, thus hath his leudnesse got,
And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.
This word no sooner was pronounced, but strait the deede was done,
two eyes, no more were left, betwene the father and the sonne:
Say now who can, and on my sayth *Appollo* he shall be,
Was he more gentle father loe: or iustice iudge crow ye.
this man would not his lawes belike, the webbes the spiders weue,
Wherein they lurke when they intend, the simple to deceiue:
Wherewith small flies full soone be caught, and tangled ere they wist,
When great ones flie and scape away, and breake them as they list.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

57. *Temperance. Spuria and the Romaine Ladies.*

If nature beare thee so great loue, that she in thee haue beautie platt,
Full hard it is as we do proue, to keepe the body cleane and chaste:

Twixt comelinesse and chastitie,

A deadly strife is thought to bee.

For beautie which some men suppose, to be as twere a golden ill,
Prouoketh strife and many foes, that seeke on her to worke her will:

Assaultes to townes if many make,

No towne so strong but may be take.

The Paradise

And this *Spurina* witnesse can, who did for beautie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comely made, no dame in Rome but loued well:

Not one could coole her hot desire,
So burning was the flame of fire.

Like as when baite cast in the floud forthwith both cause the fishes come,
That pleasauntly before did play, now presently to death to runne:

For when they see the baite to fall,
Straight way they swallow hooke and all.

So when *Spurina* they did see, to him they flocked out of hand,
So happiest dame was thought to be, that in his fauour most did stand:

Not knowing vnder sweete deceits,
How *Venus* hides her poysoned baits.

But when he saw them thus to range, whom loue had linked in his chaine,
This meanes he sought for to assuage, these Ladies of their greuous payne:

His shapc entending to disgrace,
With many woundes he scorcht his face.

By which his deede it came to passe, that he that seemed an angell bright,
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a lothsome wight:

And rather had he be foule and chaff,
Then sayre, and filthy ioyes to tast.

What pen can write, or tong expresse, that worthy prayles of this deede,
We thinke that God can do no lesse, then graunt him in heauen for his meede:

Who for to saue himselfe vpight,
Himselfe hath first destroyed quite.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

58. *A branche of hearbes and flowers.*

If that eche flower, the Gods haue framed, or shapt by sacred skill,
Where as I would (no wrong to wish) and mine to weare at will
Or els ech tree, with lustie top, would lend me leaue to loue.

With sprigs displaied to spred my sute, a wayling hart to proue.

Upon my helme some should you see, my head aduanced hye.

Some slip for solace there to set, and weare the same would I:

Yet would I not for great delight, the Daisies straunge desire,

The Lillie would not like my lust, nor Rose would I require.

The Marigolde might growe for me, Rosemarie well might rest,

The Fenell to, that is moze fit: for some unfriendly get:

Nor Cowslips would I craue at all, sometime they seeme too coye,

Some ioly youth the Cellisflower, esteemeth for his ioye.

The

of daintie Deuises.

The Lauender sometimes aloft, allures the lookers eyes,
The Paunsie shall not haue the prayse, where I may giue the prize.
And thus no flower my fansie feedes, or liketh so my lust,
As that I may subiect my selfe, to toyes of tickle trust.
For flowers though they be faire and fresh, of sent exelling sweete,
Yet grow they on the ground below, we tread them with our feete:
And shall I then goe stoupe to such: or els goe seeke to chafe,
Shall flowers enforce me once to faune, for feare of friendes or foes.
Yet rather yeeld I to the right, as reason hath assignd,
Mine authoz sayd there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde:
And yet perhaps some Tree there is, to shrowd me from the thowr,
That with her armes may salue the soule, that yeeldeth to her power.
Where I may finde some pleasant shade, to salue me from the sunne,
Eche thing we see that reason hath, vnto the Trees do runne:
Both men and beastes such foules as flies, the treasures are the Trees,
And for my part when bzaunches fall, I wish no other fees.
But when that stormes beset me round, such succour God me send,
That I may finde a friendly Tree, that will me well defend:
No Tree there is which yeeldes no good, to some that doth it seeke,
And as they are of diuers kindes, their vles are vnlike.
The Ewe Tree serue the Bowyers touzne, the Ashe the Coupers arte.
The puissant Oke doth make the poste, the Pine some other parte:
The Elme doth helpe to hide the birdes, in wearie Winters night,
The Briers I gesse are nothing worthe, they serue but for despight.
The willow wisht I farre from hence, good will deserue no wrong,
The Sallow well may serue their states, that sing so sad a song:
The Bore and Beeche eche for himselfe, aboue the rest doth bolke,
The Eglantine for pleasure oft, is pricked vpon the poste.
The Hawthorne is so sad in price, the Baies doe beare the bell,
And that these Baies did bring no blisse, I like it not so well:
As erst I doe that seemely Tree, by which these bayes I found,
And wherewithall unwittingly, I tooke so great a wound,
As if the tree by which I leane, doth lend me no reliefe,
There is no helpe but downe I fall, so great is growne my griefe:
And therefore at the last I craue, this fauour for to finde,
When euery tree that here is tolde, begins to grow vnkinde.
The V. for beautie whome I boode, and shall aboue the rest,
That V. may take me to her trust, for V. doth please me best:

The Paradise

It likes me well to walke the way, where B. doth keepe her bower,
And when it raynes to B. I run, to saue me from the shower:
This bzaunch of B. which here I meane, to keepe and chiefly craue,
At becke vnto this B. I bow, to serue that beautie bzaue:
What shall I say the time doth passe, the tale so tedious is,
though loth to leaue, yet leaue I must, and say no more but this,
I wish this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
A league for life then I require, betwene this B. and me:
And though vnworthy, yet good will, doth worke the way herein,
And B. hath brought the same about, which beautie did begin. *Finis.*

59. *In commendation of Musicke.* (oppressed,

Where griping grief the hart would wound, & doleful dampes the minde
There Musick with her siluer sound, is wont wth speede to geue redresse
Of troubled mindes for euery soze, sweete Musicke hath a salue in soze,
In ioy it makes our mirth abound, in grief it cheeres our heauy sprites,
The carefull head relief hath found, by Musickes pleasaunt sweete delites,
Our senses, what should I say more, are subiect vnto Musickes loze.

The Gods by Musicke hath their pray, the foule therein doth ioy,
For as the Roman Poets say, in seas whom Pirates would destroy:
A Dolphin saude from death most sharpe, *Arion* playing on his Harpe,
Of heauenly gift, that turnes the minde like as starne doth rule the ship:
Oh Musicke whom the Gods assigne to comfort man, who cares would nip,
With thou both man & beast doest moue, what wisman then wil thee reprove.

FINIS.

60. *A Dialogue betweene the Authour and his Eye.*

Authour.

My Eye why dost thou light on that, which was not thine?
Why hast thou with thy sight, thus slaine an heart of mine?
O thou unhappie Eye, would God thou hadst bene blinde,
When first thou didst her spy, for whome this griefe I finde.

Eye.

Why sir it is not I, that doe deserue such blame,
Your fancie, not your Eye, is causer of the same:
For I am ready prest, as Page that serues your case:
To search what thing is best, that might your fancie please.

Authour.

I sent

of daintie Deuises.

Author.

I sent thee forth to see, but not so long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guide:
Thy message being done, thou mightst retorne againe,
So Cupid Venus sonne, no whit my heart should paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth sway, there Cupid will be bold,
And reason flies away, from Cupids shaft of gold:
If you finde cause thereby, some deale of painefull smart,
Alas blame not your eye, but blame consent of hart.

Author.

My hart must I excuse, and lay the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when hart from thought was free:
Thy sight thus brought consent, consent hath bred my grieke,
And grieke bids be content, with sorrow for reliefe.

FINIS. W. Humis.

61. Finding no toy, he desireth death.

The Connie in his Caue, the Ferret doth annoye,
And flying thence his life to saue, himselfe doth he destroye:
His berrie round about beset, with Hunters snares,
So that when he to scape starts out, is caught therein vnwares,
Like choise poore man haue I, to bide and rest in Loue,
Or els from thence to flie, as bad a death to proue.

I see in Loue no rest, unkindnesse doth pursue,
To rent his heart out of his brest, which is a Louer true:
And if from Loue I starte, as one that Loue forsakes,
Then pensiuus thoughtes my heart doth pearce, and so my life it takes:
Then thus to flie or bide, hard is the choise to chuse,
Since death hath camp'd, and trenched ech side, and saith life now refuse.

Content I am therefore, my life therein to spend,
And death I take a salve for soze, my wearie dayes to end:
And thus I you require, that faithfull Loue professe,
When carcase cased in his Chest, and body laid on hearse.
Your brinish teares to saue, such as my corse shall moue,
And therewith write vpon my graue, behold the force of Loue.

FINIS. W. Humis.

The Paradise

I Hope well and haue well.

In hope the shipman hopseth sayle, in hope of passage good,
In hope of health the sick man, doth suffer losse of bloud:
In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines, hopes libertie to finde,
Thus hope breeds health and health breeds ease, to euery troubled minde.

In hope desire gets victorie, in hope great comfort springes,
In hope the Louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull stinges:
In hope we liue and may abide, such stormes as are assignde,
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease, to euery troubled mind.

In hope we easily suffer harme, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruit, the paines seemes sweete, that to the tree doth clime:
In hope of Loue, such glory growes, as now by proofoe I finde,
That hope breeds health, and health breeds ease, to euery trobled minde.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

He requesteth some freendly comfort.

affirming his constancie.

The mountaines his whole loftie topps, doth meete the hautie skie
The craggy rocke that to the Sea, free passage doth deny:
The aged Oke that doth resist, the force of blustering blast,
The pleasaunt hearbe that euery where, a fragrant smell doth cast.
The Lions force whose courage stout, declares a princelike might,
The Eagle that for worthines, is borne of kinges in sight:
The Serpent eke whose poysoned iawes, doth belch out venime vile,
The lothsome Toad that shunmeth light, and liueth in exile.
These these I say, and thousandes moze, by tract of time decay,
And like to time doe quite consume, and vade from time to clay:
But my true heart and seruice vowde, shall last time out of minde,
And still remayne as thine by done, as Cupid hath assignde.
By faith loe here I vow to thee, my troth thou knowest right well,
By goodes, my freendes, my life is thine, what neede I moze to tell?
I am not mine but thine I vowe, thy helles I will obey,
And serue thee as a seruaunt ought, in pleasing if I may.
And such I haue no flying winges, to see thee as I wishe,
Ne finnes to cut the siluer streames, as doth the gliding fish:
Wherefore leaue now forgetfulness, and send againe to me,
And straine thy Azured baynes to write, then I may greeting see.

And

of daintie Deuises.

And thus fare well moze deare to me, then chiefest friend I haue,
Whose loue in hart I minde to shryne, till death his sec doe craue.
FINIS. M. Edwardes.

¶ He complayneth his mishap.

Shall rigour raigne where ruth hath run, shall fancies now forsake?
Shall fortune lose that fauour wonne, shall not your anger flake?
Shall hatefull heart be had in you, that friendly did pretend,
Shall slipper thought and faith vntreue, that heart of yours defend?

Shall Nature shew your beautie faire, that gentle seemes to be?
Shall frowardnesse your fancies heire, be of moze force then she?
Shall now disuaine the dragge of Death, direct and lead the way?
Shall all the Impes vpon the yearth, reioyce at my decay?

Shall this the seruice of my youth, haue such reward at last?
Shall I receiue rigour of ruthe, and be from fauour cast?
Shall I therefore berent my heares, with wightes that wish to dye;
Or shall I bathe my selfe with teares, to feede your sickle eye.

No, no, I shall in paine lye still, with Turtle Dove most true,
And bow my selfe to wit and will, their counsels to ensue:
Good Ladies all that louers be, and that to be pretende,
Giue place to wit, let reason seeme, your enemies to defende.

Least that you thinke as I haue thought, your selfe to strue in bayne,
And so to be in thraldome brought, with me to suffer paine.
FINIS. W. Hunnis.

¶ No foe to a flatterer.

I Would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not so,
I am not blinde although I winke, I feele what windes doe blowe:
I know where craft with smiling cheare, creepes into boldned brest
I heare how fayned speeches speakes fayre, where hatred is possesst.
I see the serpent lye and lurke, vnder the greene alowe.
I see him watche a time to worke, his poyson to bestowe.

In friendly looke such fraude is founde, as faith for feare is fled,
And friendship hath receiue such wound, as he is almost dead:

I

And

The Paradiſe

And hatefull heart with malice great, ſo boyles in cankered minde,
That flatterie ſearing in the face, had almoſt made me blinde.
But now I ſee all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet ſuch friendes as they profeſſe, as now by prooſe I trie.

Though ſecret ſpight by craft, haue made a coate of Wanters ſkin,
And thinkes to finde me in the ſhade, by ſleight to wrap me in:
Yet God be prayſed my eye is cleare, and can behold the Sunne,
When falſhood dare not once appeare, to ende that he begunne.
Thus time ſhall trie the thing amiſſe, which God ſaue ſhortly ſende,
And turne the heart that fayned is, to be a faithfull friende.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

His comparifon of Lone.

The ſpider with great ſkill, doeth trauell day by day,
His limms no time lye ſtill, to ſet his houſe in ſtate:
And when he hath it wrought, thinking therein to raigne,
A blaſt of winde vnthought, doth dꝛiue it downe againe.

The prooſe whereof is true, to make his worke indure,
He paines himſelfe a newe, in hope to dwell moze ſure:
And in ſome ſecret place, a corner of a wall,
He frameth himſelfe apace, to build and reſt withall.

His pleaſure ſweete to ſtay, when he to reſt is bent,
An vgly ſhamble ſlee, approcheth to his Tent:
And there intendes by force, his labours great to winne,
Or els to yeeld his corſe, by fatall death therein.

Thus is the ſpiders neſt, from time to time throwne downe,
And he to labour preſt, with endles paine vnknoꝝne:
So ſuch as louers be, like trauell doe attaine,
Thoſe endleſſe workes ye ſee, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

A Louers ioye.

I haue no ioye, but dꝛeame of ioye, and ioy to thinke on ioye,
A ioye I with ſtoode, to finiſh mine annoye:
I hate not without cauſe alas, yet loue I know not why,

I thought

of daintie Devises.

I thought to hate, I cannot hate, although that I should dye.
A foe most sweete, a friend most sower, I ioy for to embrace;
I hate the wrong, and not the wight, that worke my woefull case:
What thing it is I know not I, but yet a thing there is,
That in my fancie still perswades, there is no other blisse.
The iopes of life, the pangues of death, it makes me feeble eche daie,
But life nor death, this humour can, deuise to weare awaye:
I aine would I dye, but yet in death, no hope I see remaines,
And shall I liue? since life I see, a course of sorow paines.
What is it then that I doe seeke, what ioye would I aspire,
A thing that is diuine belike, too high for mans desire,

FINIS. E. K.

Enill to him that enill thinketh.

The subtill sly flightes, that worldly men doe worke,
The freendly shewes, vnder whose shade, most craft doth often lurke,
Enforceth me alas, with pernsfull voyce to say,
Woe worthe the wilie heades, that seekes the simple mans decay.

The bird that breeds no guile, is soonest caught in snare.
Eche gentle harte deuoyde of craft, is soonest brought to care:
Good Nature soonest trapt, which giues me cause to saie,
Woe worthe the wilie heades, that seekes the simple mans decay.

I see the serpent vile, that lurkes vnder the greene,
How subtilly he shrowdes himselfe, that he may not be seene:
And yet his fosters bane, his learing lookes bewray,
Woe worthe the wilie heades that seekes, the simple mans decay.

Woe worthe the feyning lookes, on fauour that we doe waite,
Woe worthe the feyned friendly heart, that harbours deepe deceit:
Woe worthe the flippers broode, oh thise woe worthe I say,
All worldly wilie heades, that seekes the simple mans decay.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

¶ He asseureth his constancie.

With painted speech I list not proue, my cunning for to trie,
Nor yet will vse to fill my pen, with guilefull flatterie:

The Paradise

Which pen in hand, and hart in brest, shall faithfull promise make
To loue you best, and serue you moste, by your great vertues sake.

And sure dame Nature hath you deckt, with giftes aboue the rest,
Let not Disdaine a harbour finde, within your noble brest:
For Loue hath led his Lawe a like, to men of eche degree,
so that the Begger with the Prince, shall Loue as well as he.

I am no Prince, I must confesse, nor yet of Princes line,
Nor yet a brutish Begger bozne, that feedes among the swine:
The fruite shall trie the tree at last, the blossomes good or no,
Then doe not iudge of me the worse, till you haue tried me so.

As I deserue, so then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be false in worde or deede, let Lightning thunder fall:
And furies Fell with franticke fittes, bereaue and staie my breate,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faith.

FINIS. W. Humis.

Complayning of his mishap to his friend, he complaineth wittely.

- A. **T**he fire shall freeze, the frost shall fric the frozen mountaines hie,
B. **I** what straunge thinges hath same natures force, to turne her course
A. My loue hath me left, and taken a new man. (awpie:
B. This is not straunge, it happes oft times, the truth to scan.
A. The more is my payne, B. her loue then refrayne.
A. who thought she would flit, B. eche one that hath wit:
A. Is this not straunge, B. light loue will chaunge.

- A. By skilfull meanes I here reclayne, to Coupe vnto my lure,
B. Such haggard Haukes will soare away, of them who can be sure:
A. With siluer belles and hoope, my ioy was her to pecke.
B. She was full gorge, she would the sooner giue the checke.
A. the more is my payne, B. her loue then refrayne,
A. Who thought she would flit, B. eche one that hath wit:
A. Is not this straunge, B. light loue will chaunge.

- A. Her chirping lips should chirpe to me, sweete wordes of her desire,
B. such chirping birdes who cuer saue, to preach still on one Bire:

A. she

of daintie Deuises.

A. She sayd she loued me best, and would not till she dye,
B. She sayd in wordes, she thought it not, as tyme doth trye.
A. The more is my payne, B. her Loue then refrayne,
A. Who thought she would flit, B. ech one that hath wit:
A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. Can no man winne a woman so, to make her Loue endure,
B. To make the Fore his wiles to leaue, what man will put in byre:
A. why then there is no choyse, but all women will chaunge,
B. As men do vse, so some women do Loue to raunge.
A. The more is my payne, B. her Loue then refrayne,
A. who thought she would flit, B. ech one that hath wit:
A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.

A. Sith slipper gayne falles to my lot, farewell that gliding pray,
B. Sith that the Dice doth run awrie, betimes leaue of thy play:
A. I will no more lament, the thing I may not haue,
B. Then by exchaunge the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
A. Loue will I refraigne, B. thereby thou shalt gayne,
A. with losse I will leaue, B. she will thee deceiue,
A. That is not straunge, B. then let her raunge.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

No paynes comparable to his attempr.

LIke as the dolefull Doue, delightes alone to bee,
And doth refuse the bloumed branche, chusing the leaflesse tree:
whercon waityng his chaunce, with bitter teares besprent,
Doth with his bill, his tender breast, oft pearse and all to rent.
Whose greuous groninges tho whose gripes of pinyng payne,
whose gally lookes, whose bloudy streames out flowing from ech bayne:
Whose falling from the tree, whose panting on the ground,
Examples be of myne estate, tho there appeare no wounde.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

He repenteth his follie.

ALacke when I looke backe, vpon my youth chats past,
And deeply ponder youthes offence, and youthes reward at last:

The Paradise

With sighes and teares I say, O God I not denie,
My youth with follie hath deserued, with follie for to dye.
But yet if euer sinfull man, might mercy moue to ruth,
Good Lord with mercy do forgiue, the follies of my youth.

In youth I range the fieldes, where vices all did grow,
In youth alas I wanted grace, such vice to ouerthrow:
In youth what I thought sweete, most bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with follie kept me blind.
Yet as the Eagle castes her bill, whereby her age renueth,
So Lord with mercy do forgiue, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. W. Humis.

No pleasure without some payne.

How can the tree, but wast and wither away,
That hath not sometime comfort of the Sunne:
How can that flower but fade, and soone decay,
That alwayes is with darke cloudes runne.
Is this a life, nay death you may it call,
That feeles eche payne, and knoweth no ioy at all

What foodlesse beast, can liue long in good plight,
Or is it life, where sentes there be none:
Or what anayleth eyes, without their light:
Or els a tongue, to him that is alone.
Is this a life: nay death you may it call,
That feeles eche payne, and knowes no ioy at all.

Whereto serue cares, if that there be no sounde,
Or such a head, where no deuise doth grow:
But all of plaintes, since sorrow is the grounde,
Whereby the hart, doth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life, nay death you may it call,
That feeles eche payne, and knowes no ioy at all.

FINIS. L. Vanx.

The

of daintie Deuises.

The fruite of feyned frendes.

I choyse of frends what hap has I; to chuse one of Sirens kinde, (blind:
Whose harpe, whose pipe, whose melodie could feede my eares & make me
Whose pleasaunt voyce made me forget, that in sure trust is great deceit,
In trust I see is treason found, and man to man deceitfull is.
And where as treasure doth abounde, of flatterers there do not misse,
Whose painted speach, and outward shew, do seeme as frendes and be not so.

Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crocadill,
Which if a man a sleepe may see, with bloudy thirst desires to kill:
And the with teares a while gan weepe, that death of him thus slaine a sleepe
O fauell false, thou traitour bozne, what mischief more might thou deuise:
Then thy deare frend to haue in scozne, and him to wound in sundry wise,
Which still a frend pretendes to be, and art not so by prooofe I see.

Fie, fie, vpon such trecherie.

W. H.

If such false shippes do haunt the shore,
Strike downe the sayle and trust no more.

M. Edwardes.

A Dialogue betwene a Gentleman and his Loue.

A. Shall I no way win you, to graunt my desire?
B. What woman will graunt you, the thing you require?
A. You onely to loue me, is all that I craue,
B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
A. My deare alas, now say not so,
B. To loue you best, I must say no,
A. Yet will I not flit, B. then play on the bit:
A. I will, B. do still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. bespew me than.

A. The swifter I follow, then you flie away,
B. Swift haukes in their flying, oft times misse their pray,
A. Yet some killeth deadly, that flie to the marke:
B. You shall touch no feather, therof take no carke,
A. Yet hope shall further my desire:
B. You blow the coales, and rayse no fire,
A. Yet will I not flit, B. then play on the bit:

The Paradise

A. I will, B. do still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. bespew me than.

A. To loue is no daunger, where true loue is ment.
B. I will loue no raunger, least that I repent:
A. My loue is no raunger, I make God auow,
B. To trust your smoth sayinges, I sure know not how:
A. Most truth I meane, as tyme shal wel trie,
B. No truth in men, I oft espie:
A. Yet will I not flit, B. than play on the bit,
A. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not:
A. Make me your man, B. bespew me than.

A. Some women may say nay, and meane loue most true,
B. Some women can make fooles, of as wisemen as you:
A. In time I shall catch you, I know when and where.
B. I will soone dispatch you, you shall not come there.
A. Some speedes at length, that oft haue mist,
B. I am well armde, come when you list:
A. Yet will I not flit, B. then play on the bit,
A. I will, B. do still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. bespew me than.

A. Yet worke your kinde kindly, graunt me loue for loue,
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue:
A. Most true you shall finde me, I this doe protest,
B. Then sure you shall binde me, to graunt your request.
A. O happy threede, now haue I sponne,
B. You sing before the conquest wonne.
A. Why then, will you swarue, B. euen as you deserue:
A. Loue still, B. I will, A. yet kill not, B. I will not,
A. Make me your man, B. come to me than.

FINIS. M, Ed cardes.

*Exclayming vpon his unkinde Loue, his
frend replyeth wittely.*

M. **W**hat death may be, compared to Loue's,
H. **W**hat grief therein, now dost thou proue?

M.

of daintie Deuises.

M. My paynes alas, who can expresse,

H. I see no cause of heauinesse.

M. My Ladies lookes, my woe hath wrought,

H. Then blame thine eyes, that first hath sought.

M. I burne alas, and blow the fire,

H. A foole consumes by his desire.

M. What shall I do than? come out and thou can,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie,

M. My sugred sweete, is mixed with gall,

H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all:

M. The more I seeke, the lesse I finde,

H. Then strue not with the streame and winde.

M. Her must I loue, although I smart,

H. With her owne sword, thou slayest thy hart:

M. Such pleasaunt baites, who can refraine,

H. Such baites will sure breed thee great paine.

M. What shal I do than? H. Come out and thou can,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

M. Her golden beames, mine eyes do daze,

H. Upon the Sunne, thou mayest not gaze:

M. She might reward, my cruell smart,

H. She thinkes thou hardst a fayned hart.

M. She laughes to heare my wofull cries,

H. Forsake her then, in tyme be wise:

M. No, no, alas, that may not bee,

H. No wiseman then, will pitie thee:

M. What shall I doe than? H. Come out and thou can,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

M. A liuing death, loe thus I proue,

H. Such are the fruites of froward loue:

M. O that I might her loue once gayne,

H. Thy gayne would not, halfe quite the paine.

M. Her will I loue, though she be coy,

H. A foole himselfe, will still annoy:

M. Who will not die, for such a one?

The Paradise

H. Be wise at length, let her alone.

M. I can not doe so, H. then be thy owne foe,

M. Alas I dye, H. what remedie

FINIS. E.S.

The complaint of a Louer, wearing Blacke and Tannie.

A Crowne of bayes, shall that man weare,

That triumphes ouer mee:

Foz blacke and tannie will I weare,

Which mourning colours bee.

The more I follow on, the more she fled away,

As Daphne did full long ago, Apollos wishfull pray:

the more my plaintes I resounde, the lesse she pitties me,

The more I sought, the lesse I found, that mine she meant to be.

Melpomene alas, with dolefull tunes helpe than,

And sing *Bis*, woe worzh on me forlaken man:

Then Daphnes bayes shall that mā weare, that triumphes ouer me,

Foz blacke and tannie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

Droune me you trickling teares, you wailfull wighes of woe,

Come helpe these hands to rent my heares, my rufull hap to shewe:

Of whom the scorching flames of Loue, doth feede you see,

Ah a lalalantida my deare Dame, hath thus tormented mee.

Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,

And sing *Bis* woe worthe on me forlaken man:

Then Daphnes bayes shall that mā weare, that triumphes ouer me,

Foz blacke and tannie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

An Ankers life to lead, with naples to scratch my graue,

where earthly wormes on me shall feede, is all the loyes I craue:

And hide my selfe from shame, sith that mine eyes do see,

Ah a lalalantida my deare Dame, hath thus tormented mee.

And all that present be, with dolefull tunes helpe than,

And sing *Bis* woe worthe on me, forlaken man.

FINIS. E. O.

Finis

of daintie Deuises.

Findyng no relief, he complayneth thus.

Inquest of my relief, I finde distresse,
In recompence of Loue, most deepe dispayne:
My langour such, as wordes may not expresse,
A shower of teares, my watrie eye doth rayne.
I dreame of this, and doe define of woe,
I wander in the thoughtes of my sweete foe.

I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in frost:
I lye a low, yet mountes my mynde on hye,
thus doubtfull stormes, my troubled thoughtes haue tost.
And for my payne, this pleasure do I proue,
I hate my selfe, and pine in others Loue.

The world I graspe, yet hold I nought at all,
At libertie I seeme, in prison pent:
I tast the sweete, more sower then bitter gall,
My ship seemes sounde; and yet her ribbes be rent.
And out alas, on Fortune false I crie,
Looke what I craue, that still she doth denie.

Both life and death, be equall vnto me,
I do desire to dye, yet craue I life:
My wittes with sundry thoughtes do disagree,
My selfe am with my selfe at mortall strife.
As warmeth of Sunne, doth melt the silver snow,
The heate of Loue, behold consumes me so.

FINIS. R. Hill.

*Written vpon the death of his especiall good frend Ma-
ster Iohn Barnabe, who departed this life at Ben-
sted, in the Countie of Southampton. 25.
January. 1579. Aetatis. 76.*

Mine owne good father thou art gone, thine eares are stopt with clay,
Thy ghost is fled, thy body dead, thou hearest not what I say:

The Paradise

Thy dearest friendes may sigh and sob, thy children crie and call
Thy wife may waile, and not p̄uate, nor doe the good at all.
Though reason would we should reioyce, and trickling teares restrain,
Yet kindlinesse and friendlinesse, enforce vs to complaine:
Thy life was good, our losse the more, thy presence cheard our heart,
Thy lacke and absence turnde therefore, our solace into smart.
I founde thee both a kindly friend, and friendly father too,
Barnabie lacks breath, O cruell death, and couldest thou part vs two:
But death derides my woefull wordes, and to my saying saith,
Thus foolish wight I did but right, I force no friend nor saith.
The Lorde of life and Lorde of death, my threating hand did let,
Els when that he in cradell lay, I might haue claimd my debt:
His corps is clad with cloddos of the pearth, his soule doth soare on hye,
Before the throne of God aboue, whose seruant he did die.
And thou his friend, and she his spouse, and they his children shall,
Behold the father, friend and mate, whose absence greues you all:
But he nor can, nor will returne, to thee, to her, or them,
For heauen is his, he liues in blisse, ye dwell with mortall men.
He dwell in darke, and dreaddfull denne, in prison pent are ye,
He liues in light, and all delight, from thraldome franke and free:
Wish not that he should come to you, for then ye doe him wrong,
But wish that ye may goe to him, the blessed saines among.

FINIS. H. D.

Cælum non solum.

If care or skill, could conquere vayne desire,
Or reasons raignes, my strong affection stay:
Then should my sighes, to quiet breast retire,
And shunne such sighes, as secret thoughtes bewray,
Uncomely loue, which now lurkes in my best,
Should cease my grief, through wisdomes power oppress.

But who can leaue, to looke on Venus face,
Or yeldeth not to Innos high estate:
What wite so wise, as giues not Pallas place,
These vertues rare, ech Gods did yeld a mate.
Saue her alone, who yet on earth doth raigne,
whose beauties string, no God can well restraine.

What

of daintie Deuises.

What worloly wight, can hope for heauenly hire,
When onely sighes, must make his secret mone:
A silent sure, doth seeld to grace aspire,
My haplesse hap, doth roule the restless stone.
Yet *Phæbe* faire, disdain the heauens aboue,
To ioy on yearth, her pooze *Edimons* loue.

Rare is reward, where none can iustly craue,
For chaunce is choyle, where reason makes no claime:
Yet lucke sometimes, dispairing soules doth saue,
A happie starre, made *Giges* ioye attaine.
A flauish *Smith*, of rude and raskall race,
Found meanes in time, to gaine a *Goddesse* grace.

Then loftie Loue, thy sacred sailes aduance,
My sighing seas, shall flowe with streames of teares:
Amidst disdaine, driue forth my dolefull chaunce,
A valiant minde, no deadly daunger feares.
Who loues a loft, and sets his heart on hye,
Deserues no paine, though he do pyne and dye.

FINIS. E.O.

A Louer reiected, complaineth.

The trickling teares, that falles along my cheekes,
The secret sighes that shewes my inward griefe:
The present paines perforce, that Loue aye seekes,
Bids me renue my cares without reliefe.
In wofull song, in dole displaie,
My pensine heart for to bewzaie.

Bewzaie thy griefe, thy wofull heart with speeche,
Resigne thy voyce, to her that causde thy woe:
With irkesome cries, bewaile thy late done deepe,
For she thou louest, is sure thy mortall foe,
And helpe for thee, there is none sure,
But still in paine thou must indure.

The Paradise

The stricken Deare, hath helpe to heale his woundes,
The haggard Hauke, with toyle is made full tame:
The strongest Tower, the Canon laies on ground,
The wisest witte, that euer had the fame.
Was th'all to Loue, by *Cupids* sleighes,
then way my cause, with equall weightes.

She is my ioye, she is my care and woe,
She is my paine, she is my ease therefore:
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my salue, she is my wounded soze.
In fine, she hath the hand and knife,
that may both saue and end my life.

And shall I liue on yearth to be her th'all?
And shall I sue and serue her all in vaine?
And kisse the Teppes that she lets fall,
And shall I pray the Gods to keepe the paine?
From her, that is so cruell still,
No, no, on her worke all your will.

And let her feele, the power of all your might,
And let her haue her most desire with speede:
And let her pue away, both daie and night,
And let her moue, and none lament her neede.
And let all those that shall her see,
Despise her state, and pitie me.

FINIS, E.O.

Not attaining to his desire, he complayneth,

I Am not as I seeme to be, nor when I smile, I am not glad,
I A th'all although you counye me free; I most in mirth, most penſiue sad:
I smile to shade my bitter spight, as *Hamball* that saw in sight,
His countrie soile with *Carthage* towne, by *Romane* force defaced downe.

And *Cesar* that preserued was, with noble *Pompeis* princely hed,
As twere some Iudge to rule the case, a flood of teares he seemd to shed:

of daintie Deuises.

Although in deede it sprong of ioye, yet other thought it was annoye,
Thus contraries be vled I finde, of wise to cloke the couert minde.

I *Haniball* that smiles for griefe, and let you *Cesars* teares suffice,
The one that laughes at his mischiefe, the other all for ioye that cries:
I smile to see me scorned so, you weepe for ioy to see me woe,
And I in heart by Loue slaine dead, presentes a place of *Pompeis* head.

O cruell hap, and hard estate, that forceth me to loue my foe,
Accursed be so foule a fate, my choise for to prefere it so:
So long to fight with secret soze, and finde no secret salue therfore,
Some purge their pain by plaint I find, but I in vaine do breathe my winde.
FINIS. E. Ox.

*I A young Gentleman willing to trauell into forreygne partes
being intreated to staie in England: Wrote
as followeth.*

Who seekes the way to winne renowne,
Or flieth with winges of high desire
Who seekes to weare the Lawrell crowne,
Or hath the minde that would aspire,
Let him his natie soyle eschewe
Let him goe range and seeke anewe.

'Eche haucie heart is well contente,
With euery chaunce that shall betide
No happe can hinder his intent.
He steadfast standes though Fortune slide:
The Sunne saith he doth shine as well
Abroad as eare where I did dwell.

In chaunge of streames each fish can liue,
Each fowle content with euery ayre:
The noble minde eache where can thriue,
And not be drownd in deepe dispayre:
Wherefore I iudge all landes alike
To haucie heartes that Fortune seeke.

The Paradise

To tisse the Dea some thinke a toyle,
Some thinke it straunge abroad to come,
Some thinke it griepe to leaue their soyle
Their parentes, kinsfolkes, and their home.
Thinke so who list, I like it not,
I must abroad to trye my Lott.

Who lust at home at carte to budge
And carcke and care for worldly trash:
Wit h buckled shooe let him goe trudge,
In stead of launce a whip to swash.
A minde thats base himselfe will shewe,
A carrion sweete to feede a Crowe,

If Iason of that minde had binne,
Or wandring Prince that came from Greece.
The golden fleece had binne to winne,
And Pyrams Troy had byn in blisse,
Though dead in deedes and clad in clay,
Their woorthie Fame will nere decay.

The worthies nyne that weare of mightes,
By trauaile wanne immortall prayse:
If they had liued like Carpet knightes,
(Consuming ydely) all their dayes,
Their prayses had with them bene dead,
Where now abroad their Fame is spread.

FINIS,

No ioye comparable to a quiet minde.

A lothsome race, pursued by slippery life,
Whose sugred guile, doth glistering ioy present:
The carefull ghost, oppressed soze with strife,
Weeldes ghostly grones, from painefull passions sent.
The sinnefull flesh, that beares him here in vewe,
In steede of life, doth dreadfull death pursue.

The

of daintie Deuises.

The way he seeth, by touch of merites grace,
Wherein to runne, alas he gladly would:
But filchie flesh, his wretched dwelling place,
Doeth so rebell, at that which doe he should.
That silly soule, who feeles his beaute neede,
Can onely will, but naught performe in deede.

Thy will through grace, doeth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine, for that the fleshly foe:
Peeldes forth such fruites, as sinnes hath bred in bud,
And blindly suckes, the sap of deadly woe.
Esteeming shewes of fickle fancies knowne,
And scorning fruit by grace, eternall sowne.

Though eye doth see, that death doth swallow all,
Both life and lust, and euery sound delight:
Yet wretched flesh, through sinne is made so thral,
That nought it markes, apparant thinges in sight.
That might him traine, to care of better grace,
Bothe doeth his bale, with greedy lust imbace.

Then since desert, and al thinges weare away,
That nought remaine, but fruite of grace or sinne:
God build in vs, such conscience, as can say,
This fruit not mine, but sinne that dwelt in me,
For why to sinne, I dayly doe in sight,
that vnto Christ, I may reuiue my sight.

FINIS. of Candishe.

That Loue is required by disdayne.

I search of thinges that secret are, my mated muse began,
What it might be, molested most the head and minde of man:
The bending brow of Princes face, to wrathe that doth attende,
Or want of Parentes, wife or childe, or losse of faithfull friend,
the roaring of the Canon shot, that makes the peece to shake,
Or terrour such as mightie Ioue, from heauen aboue can make:

The Paradise

All these in fine may not compare, experience so doth proue,
Unto the tormentes sharpe and straunge, of such as be in Loue.

Loue lookes a loft, and laughes to scozne, all such as grief annoy,
The more extreame their passions be, the greater is his toy:
thus loue as victor of the field, triumphes aboue the rest,
And ioyes to see his subiectes lye, with liuing death in brest.
But dire disdaine letts driue a shaft, & gaules this bragging foole,
He pluckes his plumes, vnbeos his bow, & settis him new to schoole
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conquerour ouer all,
Now yeldes himselfe vnto disdaine his vassall and his thzall.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Of a contented state.

In wealth we see some wealthy men, abounde in wealth most wealthy,
In wealth we see those men agayne, in wealth do liue most wretchedly:
And yet of wealth hauing more store,
Then carst of wealth they had before.

These wealthy me do seeme to want, they seeme to wat that most they haue,
The more posses, the more they craue, the more they craue, the greater store:
That most they haue, they thinke but skant,
Yet not content, woe be therfore.

The simple men that lesse wealth haue, with lesser wealth we see content:
Content are they twixt wealth and scathe, a life to lead indifferent:
And thus of wealth, these men haue more,
Then those of which we spoke before.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Beyng disdayned, he complayneth.

If frendlesse fayth: if guiltlesse thought may sheld:
If simple truth, that neuer meant to swarue:
If deare desire, accepted fruite do yeld,
If greedy lust, in loyall life do searue.
then may my plaint, bewayle my heauie harme,
That seeking calme, haue stumbled on the storme.

of daintie Deuises.

By wonted cheare, Eclipsed by the clowdy,
Of deepe disdayne, through errour of report,
If wearie woe, entrapped in the shroude,
Lyes slayne by tongue, of the vnfrendly sort.
Yet heauen and earth, and all that nature wrought,
I call to vowe of my vnspotted thought.

No shade I seeke, in part to shield my tainte,
But simple truth, I hunt no other sute:
On that I gape, the issue of my plainte,
If that I quayle, let iustice me confute.
If that my place, emongest the guiltlesse sort,
Repay by doome, my name and good report.

Goe heauy verse, pursue desired grace,
Where pitie shine, in cell of secret brest,
Awaites my hast, the rightfull lot to place,
And lothes to see, the guiltlesse man opprest.
Whose vertues great, hath crownde her more with fame,
then kingly state, though largely shine the same.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Of the meane estate.

The higher that the Cedar tree, vnto the heauens do grow,
the more in daungers is the top, when sturdy winde gan blow:
Who iudges then in Princely throne, to be deuoid of hate,
Doth not yet know what heapes of ill, lyes hid in such estate.
Such daungers great, such gripes of mynde, such toyle do they sustaine,
that often tymes of God they wish, to be vnkings agayne.

For as the huge and mightie rockes, withstand the raging seas,
So kingdomes in subiection be, whereas dame Fortune please:
Of byttle isy, of smilng cheare, of honnie mixt with gall,
Alotted is to every Prince, in freedome to be thrall.
What watches long, what sleepes vn Timer, what grief and care of mynde,
What bitter byoxles, what endlesse toyles, to kingdomes be assignde.

The Paradise

The subiect then may well compare, with Prince for pleasant daies,
whose silent night brings quiet rest, whose steppes no storme bewaies:
How much be we then bound to God, who such provision makes,
to lay our cares vpon the Prince, thus doth he for our sakes,
to him therefore let vs lift vp our heartes, and pray amaine,
that euery prince that he hath plaske, may long in quiet raigne.

FINIS. W. Humis.

Of a contented minde.

When all is done and said, in the ende thus shall you finde,
the moste of all doth bathe in blisse, that hath a quiet minde:
And cleere from worldly cares, to deeme can be content,
the sweetest time of all this life, in thinking to be spent.

The bodie subiect is, to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishaps, is casuall euery hower:
And death in time, doth chaunge it to a clodd of clay,
When as the minde which is deuine, runnes neuer to decay.

Companion none is like, vnto the minde alone,
For many haue beene harmde by speeche, through thinking few or none
Few often times restraineth wordes, but makes no thoughtes to cease,
And say he speakes best that hath the skill, when for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the minde, vnto the heauens with vs haue,
wherefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
the sweetest time of all my life, to deeme in thinking spent.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Trie before you trust.

TD counsell my estate, abandonde to the spoile,
Of forged freendes whose grossest fraude, is set with finest folle:
To bereftie true dealing wightes, whose trust no treason treads,
And all too deare th' acquaintance be, of such most harmefull heades.
I am aduised thus, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morowe next he feared, for to become a foe.

To

of daintie Deuises.

To haue a feined friend, no perill like I finde,
Oft flering face may mantell best, a mischief in the minde:
A paire of Angels eares oft times, both hide a Serpentes hart,
Under whose gripes who so doth come, to late bewailes the smart,
Wherfore I do aduise, who so doth friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next, he should become a mortall foe.

Refuse respecting frendes, that courtly know to fayne,
For gold that winnes for gold, shall lose, the selfe same friend agayne:
The quayle needes neuer feare, the foulers netts to fall,
If he would neuer bend his eare, to listen to his call.
Therfore trust not to soone, but when you friend, friend so,
As though to morrow next, ye fearde for to become a fo.

FINIS. L.Vanx.

He renounceth all the effectes of Loue.

LIke as the Harte, that listeth by his eares,
To heare the houndes, that hath him in the chase:
Doth cast the winde, in daungers and in feares,
With flying foote, to passe away apace.
So must I flie, of Loue the wayne pursute,
Whereof the gayne, is lesser then the fruite.

And I also, must loth those learing lookes,
Where Loue doth lurke, still with his subtile sleight:
With painted mockes, and inward hidden hookes,
To trappe by trust, that lyeth not in wayte.
The end whereof, assay it who so shall,
As sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I must flie such Syrian songes,
Wherewith that Circes, Vlissses did enchaunt:
These willie watteres, I meane with filed tongues,
That hartes of Steele haue power to daunt:
Who so as Hauke, that stoopeth to their call,
For most deserte, receiueth least of all.

But woe to me, that first beheld these eyes,

The Paradise

The trappe wherein, I say that I was tane:
An outward salve, which inward me destroyes,
Whereto I runne, as rat vnto her bane.
As to the fish, sometime it doth befall,
that with the baite, doth swallow hooke and all.

Within my breast, wherewith I dayly fedde,
The vayne repast, of amorous hote desire:
with loytering lust, so long that hath me fedde,
Till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
In time as *Phoenix* endes her care and carkes,
I make the fire, and burne my selfe with sparkes.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Bethinking himselfe of his end, writeth thus.

When I behold the Baier, my last and posting horse,
that bare shall to the graue, my vile and carren corse:
Then say I seelie wretch, why dost thou put thy trust,
In thinges either made of clay, that soone will turne to dust.

Dost thou not see the young, the hardie and the fayre,
that now are past and gone, as though they neuer were:
Dost thou not see thy selfe, drawe hourely to thy last,
As shaftes which that is shot, at birdes that flieth fast.

Dost thou not see how death, through smiteth with his launce,
Some by warre, some by plague, and some by woolloly chaunce:
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,
But goeth more swift away, then both the sommer shade.

Loe here the sommer flower, that sprang this other day,
But winter weareth as fast, and bloweth cleare away:
Euen so shalt thou consume, from youth to lothsome age,
For death he doth not spare, the Prince more then the Page.

Thy house shalbe of clay, a clotte vnder thy hedde,
Unill the latter day, the graue shalbe thy bedde:
Unill the blowing trompe doth say to all and some,

Rise

of daintie Deuises.

Rise vp out of the graue, for now the iudge is come.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Being in Loue, he complaineth.

Exfors't by Loue and feare, to please and not offend,
Within the wordes you would me write, a message I must send:
A wofull errande sure, a wretched nian must write,
A wretched tale, a wofull head, be seemeth to indite.

For what can he but wayle, that hath but all he would,
And yet that all is nought at all, but lacke of all he should:
But lacke of all his minde, what can be greater grief,
That haue and lacke that likes him best, must needes be most mischief.

Now foole what makes thee waile, yet some might say full well,
That hast no harme but of thy selfe, as thou thy selfe canst tell:
to whom I aunswere thus, since all my harmes do grow,
Upon my selfe, so of my selfe, some hap may come I crow.

And since I see, both hap and harme betides to mee,
For present woe, my after blisse, will make me not forget thee:
Who hath a field of gold, and may not come therein,
Must liue in hope, till he haue force, his treasure well to win.

Whose ioyes by hope of dread, to conquere or to lose,
So great a wealth doth rise, and for example doth disclose:
to winne the golden Fleece, good Iason not in dread,
Till Medeus hope of health, did giue him hope to speede.

Yet sure his minde was much, and yet his feare the more,
That hath no hap, but by your helpe, may hap for to restore:
The raging Bulles he dread, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knew it might be brought to passe, they could do little harme.

Unto whose grace yeld he, as I do offer me,
Into your handes to hap, not like him for to be:
But as king Priamus, did yeld him to the will,
Of Cressed false, which him forsooke with Diomed to spill.

The Paradise

So I to you commende my faich, and eke my ioye,
I hope you will not be so false, as Cressed was to Troje:
For if I be vntrue, her Lazars death I wish,
And eke in thee if thou be false, her clapper and her dish.

FINIS. R. L.

Being in trouble, he writeth thus.

In terrors trap, with thraldome thrust,
Their thornie thoughtes, to tast and trie:
In conscience cleare, from cause vniust,
With carping teares did call and crie.
And sayd O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Thus trembling there, with teares I trod,
To totter tide, in truches defence:
Which sighes and sobbes, I sayd O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Least that my soes, might laugh to see,
That thou wouldest not deliuer me. *Bis.*

My soule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne:
And did bewaile the losse it wanne,
With lothsome life, so long forlorne,
And sayd O God, yet thou art he,
that can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Then comfort came, with clothes of ioy,
Whose seames were faichfull stedfastnesse:
And did bedecke the naked boe,
that earst was full of wretchednesse.
And sayd be glad, for God is hee:
that shortly will deliuer thee.

FINIS. W. Humm.

Being troubled in minde, he writeth as followeth.

The bitter swete, that straynes my yelowed hart,
the carelesse count, that doth the same imbzare:

The

of daintie Deuises.

The doubtfull hope, to reape my due desarte,
The pensine pathe, that guides my restless race,
Are at such warre, within my wounded brest,
As doth bereue my ioy, and eke my rest.

My greedy will, that seekes the golden gayne,
My lucklesse lot, doth alway take in worth:
My mated minde, that dreades my lutes in bayne,
My pitious plaint, doth helpe to set it forth.
So that betwene, two waues of raging Seas,
I driue my dayes, in troubles and diseale.

My wofull eyes do take their chief delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasaunt maze,
My hidden harmes that grow in me by sight:
With pinyng paynes do driue me from the gaze,
And to my hope, I reape no other hire,
But burne my selfe, and I do blow the fire.

FINIS. I. Hamwood.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in suretie safe wilt sit,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spende no more wordes then shall seeme fit,
Let tongue in silence talke expell,
In all thinges that thou seest men bent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

In worldly workes degrees are thre,
Makers, doers, and lookers on,
The lookers on, haue libertie:
Both the others to iudge vpon,
Wherfore in all, as men are bent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

The makers oft, are in fault found,
The deers doubt of prayse or shame.
The lookers on finde surest ground,

¶

They

The Paradise

They haue the fruite, yet free from blame,
This both perswade in all here ment,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

The Proverbe is not South and west,
which hath bene sayd long time agoe,
Of little meddling commeth great rest:
The busie man neuer wanteth woe,
The best way is, in all worlde sent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.

FINIS. I. Hairwood.

A description of the world.

What is this worlde, a net to snare the soule,
A masse of sinne, a desert of deceit,
A momentes ioy, an age of wretched dole:
A lure from grace, for flesh a lothsome baite,
Unto the mi. de a canker worime of care,
Unsure, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride ozerunnes the honest minde,
where riche men toyne, to robbe the shiftlesse wretch,
where bribing mistes, do blind the Iudges eyen:
where Parasites, the fattest croms do catch,
where good besartes, which chalenge like reward,
Are ouer blowen, with blastes of light regard.

And what is man: dust, slime, a puffle of winde,
Conceiue in sinne, plait in the worlde with grief,
Brought vp with care, till care hath caught his minde:
And then till death vouchsafe him some relief,
Day, yea noz night, his care doth take an end,
To gather goodes, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plait,
Thinke whence thou comest, and whether thou shalt goe,
The haut high ekes, small windes haue ouercast:
When slender weebes, in roughest weather grow,

Euen

of daintie Deuises.

Euen so pale death, oft spares the watched wight,
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lustie youtches, that nourish high desire,
Abuse your plumes, which makes you looke so bigge,
The Colliers Cut, the Courtiers Steede will tire:
Euen so the Clarke, the Parsons graue both digge,
whose happe so is, yet here long life to winne,
Doth heape God wott, but sorow vpon sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
The thunderboltes, the loftie towers teare,
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reede:
Pea more in time, all earthly thinges will weare,
Saue onely man, who as his earthly time is,
Shall liue in woe, or els in endlesse blisse.

FINIS. G. Gask.

A wittie and pleasaunt consaite.

What sonde delight, what fancies straunge,
what deepe despight, what sodaine chaunge:
what killing strife, what deepe debates,
Doe runne so rise, in boltishe pates.

Who beues and sees, and takes no heede,
who seekes degrees, and can not speede:
In steade of ioyes, shall reape such woes,
As breed annoyes, twixt frendes and foes.

who wiuing wantes, and liues alone,
when thynning scantes, is outethrowne:
who seekes to thriue, and finde no way,
May chaunce to strue, and marre the play.

who spendes his wealth, and winnes the wine,
Deth hurt himselfe, and helpe the swine:
who hauntes the house, where Ale is sold,
May gayne a croul, and lose his gold.

The Paradise

Who spinnes by spight, and reeles to woe,
Who takes delight, in rolling so:
Doth dubbe himselfe, a droulie hedde,
And bynges droulie foole to bedde.

Who rides a loft, and cannot rule,
Who sits not soft, and keepe his stoole:
Doth both content, themselves with wrong,
But wisemen will not vse it long.

FINIS. I.H.

*The complaynt of a Sinner. And song by the Earle
of Essex vpon his death bedde in Ireland.*

O Heauenly God, O Father deare, cast downe thy tender eye,
Upon a wretche, that prostrate here, befoze thy face doth lye:
O poure thy precious oyle of grace, into my wounded hart,
O let the droppes of mercy swage, the rigour of my smart.

My fainting soule suppressed sore, with carefull clogge of sinne,
In humble sort submittes it selfe, thy mercy for to winne:
Graunt mercy then, O Saviour sweete, to me most wofull thrall,
Whose mournefull crie, to thee O Lord, doth still for mercy call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised, vpon a stubburne minde,
And to the sway of worldly thinges, my selfe I haue inclinde:
Forgetting heauen, & heauenly powers, where God and Saintes do dwell,
My life had like to tread the pathe, that leades the way to hell.

But now my Lord, my Lodestarre bright, I will no more do so,
To thinke vpon my former life, my hart doth melt for wo:
Alas I sigh, alas I sobbe, alas I doe repent,
That euer my licencious will, so wickedly was bent.

Such thus therfore, with carefull plaint, I do thy mercy craue,
O Lord for thy great mercies sake, let me thy mercie haue:
Restore to life the wretched soule, that els is like to dye,
So shall my voyce vnto thy name, sing prayse eternally.

Now

of daintie Deuises.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holy Ghost, by whom all thinges are done:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after death my soule may haue, in heauen a dwelling place.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

*The fruite that springes from willfull wittes, is ruth and ruine rage:
And sure what headlesse youth committes, repentance rues in age.*

I Rage in restlesse youth, and ruines rule my dayes,
I rue (too late) my restlesse youth, by rules of reasons wayes:
I ranne so long a race, in searche of surest way,
That leysure learnd me trade, the trace that lead to leude decay.
I gaue so large a rayne, to unrestrained bitte,
That now with proose of after payne, I waile my want of witte:
I trifled forth the time, with trust to selfe conceiptes,
Whilst plenties vse prickt forth my time, to seeke for sugred baites.
Wherein once learnde to finde, I founde so sweete a tast,
That due foresight of after speede, selfewill esteemed wast:
Which will through wilfulnesse, hath wrought my wittlesse fall,
And heedelesse youtes unskilfulnesse, hath lapt my life in thrall.
Whereby by proose I know, that pleasure breedeth paine,
And he that euill seede doth sow, euill fruite must reape againe:
Let such therfore whose youth, and purses are in prime,
Foresce and shunne the helpelesse ruth, which sues mispent of time.
For want is next to wast, and shame doth sinne ensue,
Euill speeding proose hath heedelesse hast, my selfe haue proued it true:
When neighbours next house burnes, tis time therof take heede,
For fortunes wheele hath choise of turnes, which chaunge of chaunces breede.
My sayle hath bene aloft, though now I beare but low,
Who climbs so high seeld falleth soft, deadst ebbe hath highest flow.

FINIS. q. Yloop.

Maister Edwardes his I may not.

In may by kinde Dame Nature wills, all earthly wights to sing,
In may the new and coupled foules, may ioy the liuely spring:
In May the Nightingall, her notes doth warble on the spray,

The Paradise

In May the birdes their molle neastes, doe timber as they may.
In May the swift and turning Wate, her bagged belly flakes.
In May the little sucking Calves, doe plaie with tender flaxe:
All creatures may, in May be gladd, no may can me remoue,
I sorrow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

The stately Warte in Maye doth muc, his olde and palmed beames,
His state renewes in May, he leapes to view Appollos fireames:
In Maye, the Bucke his horned toppes, doth hang vpon the pale,
In Maye, he seekes the pastures greene, in ranging ebery Dale.
In Maye, the vgly speckled Snake, doth cast her lothsome skinne,
In Maye, the better that he may increase his scaley skinne:
All thinges in May I see, they may reioyce like Turtle doue,
I sorrow in Maye since I may not, in May obtayne my loue.

Now may I mourne in fruitfull Maye, who may or can redresse,
My maie is sorrow since she that may, with holdes my maie a freshe:
Thus I must may in pleasaunt Maye, till I may May at will,
With her in Maye, whose may my life, now may both saue and spill.
Contented heartes that haue your hope, in May you may at large,
Untolde your ioyes, expell your cares, and baste in pleasure barge:
Saue I alone in Maye, that may lament for my behoue,
I mourne in Maye, till that I may, in May obtaine my loue.

FINIS.

The complaint of a sorrowfull Soule.

O Soueraigne salue of sinne, who dost my soule behold,
That seekes her selfe from cangling faulces, by striving to vnfold,
What plea shall I put in, when thou dost Summons send:
To iudge the people of the pearch, and giue the world and end,
When euery deepe and weede, yea euery secret thought,
In open viewe of all the worlde, shall vnto light be brought.

So many Iudges shall against me sentence giue,
As by example of good woorkes, hath taught how I should liue:
So many pleaders shall confound my carefull case,
As haue in one by sound aduise, sought to engraft by grace.

of daintie Deuises.

So manie shall that time, against me witnesse beare,
As haue beheld my fruitlesse faith, and saw my sinnes appeare.

Whereon whils I do muse, in my amazed minde,
Froward thoughts, familiar foes, most fiers assaults I finde:
My conscience to my face, both flatlie me accuse,
My secret thoughts within my eares, do whisper still these newes.
Mine auarice and bzyberie, my pride both bzagge me downe,
Mine enuie frets me like a file, at other folks renowne.

Concupiscence inflames, and lulls my limmes infect,
My meat doth burthen, and my drinke my weaknesse doth detect:
My slanders rend my fame, ambition doth supplant,
My greedinesse is not content, but makes me waile for want.
My mirth but flatterie is, my sorowes are vnkinde,
Sith pleasures runne me out of bzeath, and greifs suppressse my minde.

Behold my God, whose might, maie me a freeman make,
These were my freends, whose counsels curst, I was content to take:
These were the lawlesse Lords, whom I did serue alwaie,
These were the maisters whose madde hefts, I did too much obaie
Behold my faults most foule, which follie first did frame,
In louing them I should haue loathed, whens breedeth all my bane.

Now I do looke aloft, with bashful blushing face,
On glorie thine, that so I maie discerne my owne disgrace
By manie spots and great, must needs encrease my gilt,
Unlesse thou wash them in the bloud, that for my sake was spilt.
Forgiue the faults O Lord, which I from hart repent,
And graunt my daies to come, maie be in thy sweet seruice spent.

FINIS. I. Heiwood.

I Alluding his state to the prodigall child.

The wandring youth, whose race so rashlie runne,
Hath left behinde, to his eternall shame:
The thristlesse title of the Prodigall sonne,
To quench, remembraunce of his ether name.

The Paradise

Wate now deuide, the burthen of his blame,
With me, whom wretchlesse thoughtes enciled still:
To tread the tracke of his vnruly will.

He tooke his childes part, at his fathers handes,
Of Gods free grace, his giftes I did receiue:
He trauels farre, in many forraigne landes,
My reuilelle minde, would neuer raging leaue.
Faile queanes did him, of all his coine bereaue,
Fonde fancies stufte my bzaine with such abuse:
That no good hap could seeke to any vse.

They draue him out, when all his pense was spent,
My lufkes left me, when strength wich age was worne,
He was full fayne, a Fermars hoggs to tent:
My life misled, did reape deserued scozne,
Through hunger huge, wherewith his trips were tozne,
He wisht for swaddes, euen so wisht I most vayne,
In fruitlesse pleasure, fondly to remayne.

Now to come home with him, and pardon pray,
My God I say, against the heauens and thee,
I am not worthy, that my lippes should say:
Behold thy handie worke, and pitie me,
Of mercy yet my soule, from faultes set free.
To serue thee here, till thou appoint the time,
Through Christ, vnto thy blessed ioyes to climbe.

FINIS. I. Herwood.



